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MY HARP.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.
The roses red my harp shall be;
  Far from the vulgar throng,
I'll breathe upon their fragrant leaves,
  And stir them into song:

II.
A song that shall not blush with blood;
  A song that yearns above;
A song the sinless ones will learn;
  A song of love, sweet love!

III.
Of love for Nature in her stars,
  Her shores, her ocean-span;
But love still deeper for the soul
  And destinies of man.

IV.
Stir, stir, ye roses, to my breath,
  While circles round a dove
Replying unto every note
  That sings of love, sweet love!

V.
And stir ye, all exquisite flowers
  Beneath the breath of those
In whose deep hearts, like sacred lamps,
  Love everlasting glows!

VI.
O what a glorious, fragrant choir,
  Broad as leviathan's span,
Sounding with seraph harmony
  The destinies of man!

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

A TALE OF 1852.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HARLOW ESTATE," "ST. REGIS HALL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

We pass over an interval of about eighteen months, during which some marked changes had taken place in the positions of the individuals whose fortunes form the topic of our narrative.

Ebenezer Mink had not only retained, but he had increased, his great possessions, until there were few in the city who transcended him in wealth, and none in display and parade. His house and furniture were as superb, his horses as fine, his dinners as sumptuous, his evening parties as brilliant, as any in the great metropolis of the great republic. Envy could not pick a flaw in the appointments of his person, his house, or his stable.

> "Critics, abashed, before him fell, in humble plight,
> And uttered swelling words of admiration vast."

Ebenezer was satisfied. He felt that he was in his right position, that he had the genius to manage his great wealth and to adorn the social elevation which he had attained. Of what use, he asked, had this property ever been to old Frazer, who had always lived like a common man? Of what use was wealth to any of the countless boors who hoard and hide it, and deny its possession, and then leave it to be squabbled for by hungry heirs? Genius was as requisite for spending money properly as for amassing it, and he believed that he possessed the former quality in an eminent degree.

Yet his conscience was not altogether quiet. It would not always "down" at his bidding.

Little Arthur Sibbald came to him sometimes, in dreams, and stretched out appealing hands. Sometimes the pale sweet face of Grace Sibbald haunted his slumbers, and the sterner visage of her elder sister, who seemed to be searching diligently for her lost nephew through all the rooms and corridors of his vast mansion.

But these reproachful phantoms vanished with the night, and if they came back to him by day, as they sometimes did, even in his festive hours, he had a spell ever ready with which to propitiate and banish the voiceless accusers.

He *would* do something for them. He would travel through the far West; he would search young Arthur out, and bestow some fragment of his vast fortune upon him, which should be wealth to the peasant's adopted son. Unknown he would do this, not even receiving thanks for his benefaction. The Sibbalds also should, in some way, receive his aid: he would, at least, see that they did not come to positive want.

Such were his resolves, growing feebler on each repetition, more vague and shadowy.

But all the objects of the rich man's ambition were not yet attained. He had not yet secured that distinguished alliance for his daughter which he desired and which was the darling object of her mother's aspirations.

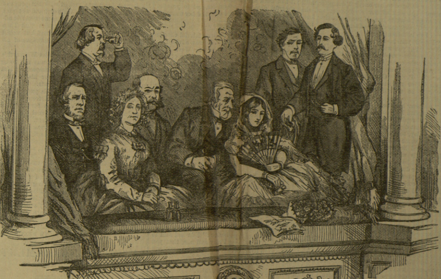
She had many wealthy suitors, but none of satisfactory rank.

"A President, or even a State Governor might do—if he were young and fashionable," Mrs. Honora said: "but they are mostly old fogies, and after their term is out it's all up with them, and they are no better than other folks. The truth is, we ought to have a hereditary nobility in this country."

Eben assented to this view of the case, and, in the absence of the domestic article, the fond parents turned their attention to such specimens of the imported species as occasionally sought our shores. There was not a prince or a lord, of any country or of any degree, who condescended to mingle at all in New York society, whom Eben did not run after, and manage by some device to get hold of. The very fact that he had *fêted* and feasted one nobleman gave him a sort of claim to the next, until his right to entertain distinguished foreigners, in company with the nabobs of his own city, many of whom were of course his dear friends, came to be quite undisputed.

On these occasions the handsome Miranda was, of course, exhibited to the best advantage: all her accomplishments were displayed, and if she were not actually ticketed with her dowry, there were enough officious, toadying friends ready, in some indirect way, to blazon the high figures—high enough, indeed, to be not always an object of indifference to dilapidated lords.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND WITH A TITLE.

But Miss Miranda Mink, as has been seen, was really an attractive young lady, handsome, graceful, and witty, and possessed, if not of much positive talent, yet, like her father, of a vast store of [illegible] resources, indeed, in this line [illegible] heart, she could seem to have, of [illegible] pattern, when the emergency [illegible]

There really was a prospect that this beautiful and dazzling bait would be swallowed by some of the star-fish who disported themselves at times in Eben's golden tank.

An old lord, whose damaged estate was at nurse, while he lived abroad, grew sentimental over the beautiful heiress, walked with her by moonlight, drove out with her, (with her father's horses,) escorted her to the opera; but, just as the delighted parents awaited his declaration, he received news of an accession to his property by the death of an East Indian brother, which relieved him of all embarrassment, and so rapidly cooled the ardor of his passion that he embarked for home in the very next Cunarder, after the briefest and most formal leave takings. His P. P. C. card and a photograph of his old face and new wig, which had been set in solid gold, (at Eben's expense,) was all that remained to console the wretched Miranda, who smiled gaily over her disappointment, and contrived to make her acquaintances believe that her suitor's sudden exit was the result of a dismissal.

It was quite preposterous, she said, for a man of fifty-five to think of such a thing. She would not have had him if he had been a duke.

Mr. and Mrs. Mink were still more chagrined than their daughter; but they did not abate their silly ambition, which they believed would yet be gratified.

Leaving them to the prosecution of their darling scheme, let us look after the fortunes of Eda Walworth, for whom the preceding year and a half had worked sadder changes, involving real calamities and distress.

Her father's failing health and consequent loss of business had reduced his family to a state of privation in less than a year after the time when Mr. Belmont had been his guest. With daily diminishing resources and strength, Mr. Walworth had still fought "The battle of life" as best he could, cheerily hoping for better times, and being certain that Heaven must have some good things in store for one so pure and sweet as his darling Eda. But while he waited and struggled, his disease increased, and assumed a more alarming type, until in the spring of 1854 his physicians assured him that nothing but the quiet and repose of the country, and an entire cessation of care, could afford him the remotest chance of prolonging his life for even a single year.

The repose and quiet of the country! There was health and peace in the very sound of the words, to one who had spent a life in the din and turmoil of the great city, deafened by its noises, elbowed and trod upon by its crowds, suffering from its heat and dust in summer, and from its biting blasts in winter, and almost forgetful that there were such things as green fields, and purling streams, and shady forests, beyond that wilderness of brick and mortar which forever confined his vision, and held his plodding soul a prisoner.

The country! Oh, ever blessed garden of the Lord! How does the pent spirit pine for your beauties, for your pure, taintless air, for your *silence*, and your shades!

But alas for poor Walworth! such happiness was unattainable by him, unless by one humiliating mode. If he could surrender his independence and eat the bread of charity, there was a country home which he believed would be grudgingly opened to him in his distress. His elder and only brother, a man of nearly three score years, was a prosperous farmer, and resided about fifty miles from the city. He was a coarse, rough, churlish man, ignorant in the extreme, and very crotchety in his opinions and very obstinate in maintaining them.

He had always differed from Theodore in politics, and he had little charity for his brother, who, he insisted, really believed precisely the same as himself, but that from interested motives he advocated the opposite side in his capacity as an editor. Y[illegible] Walworth, was not without a sort of [illegible] for *his brother*, and but for certain [illegible] influences which aggravated the worst features of his character, he would doubtless have been less harsh and overbearing man. His wife, who was a dozen years or more his junior, was a scolding, shrewish and very penurious woman. She was a hard worker, and expected everybody about her to follow her example; and as she knew that her husband's thrift had been owing, in a great degree, to her own industry and management, she was not willing to see his property wasted. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a thin face and very sharp features, and she had an only daughter of the same pattern, not much younger in appearance, who thought herself very handsome, and affected a special contempt for all city ladies.

Nothing less than the emergency in which he was placed could have induced Mr. Walworth to seek a refuge in such a home as this. But it was the spring of the year, and the first of May was at hand, when he would be compelled to give up his house for want of means to pay the rent, even if he had been willing to risk his life by remaining in town.

He thought, too, that he saw a bright side to even the dark picture before him. The proceeds of the sale of his furniture, after satisfying a mortgage, and a suspended levy, which rested upon it, would still amount to a few hundred dollars, and with a portion of this he would obtain some mollifying present for his vixenish sister-in-law, retaining the remainder for medical and other expenses. Then, although so worn down with mental work, he was sure that he would be able to do a large amount of physical labor on the farm, and that he could thus partly pay his way, and while escaping a sense of utter dependence, he would be winning back that health which should yet enable him to acquit himself of all obligations.

The picture even grew roseate under his contemplation, and poor Eda, who saw the fallacy of such hopes, still simulated a belief in their fulfilment, and cheered the heart of her father, while her own was breaking.

When Walworth had overcome his scruples against making so humiliating a request of his brother, he began for the first time to entertain fears that it might be denied. But he could not believe that Archibald was bad enough for this, however grudgingly he might accord the boon: for his old farm-house was very large, his means were ample, and he was subject to no outlay for provisions, where everything was so abundantly and cheaply raised.

Theodore wrote and stated his case, and then awaited the result with no little anxiety. When the answer to his letter came, it was in every respect such as in his calmer moments he had anticipated. His request was accorded, but in no cordial or welcoming terms.

"I spose you must come," said the farmer, "though the times is hard, and my wife is complaining very much of poor helth and hard work. I don't expect you can do much on the farm, but Edy must be quite a big girl now, and Esther thinks that she can help her a good deel partiklarly if she can learn to milk and make butter and cheeze, as we have 18 cows, and of coarse there is plenty for the women fokes to do."

Eda put up her hands in terror when this part of the letter was read. She was really as much afraid of a cow as she would have been of a grizzly bear, but she recovered her equanimity, and fully resolving to try to overcome her fears, which her reason told her were unfounded, she said she would do the best she could.

The letter continued:

"It's an ill wind that don't blow nobody any good, and if Edy is smart it will be a relief to polly too. Polly is pretty well, she has got a beau, Charly Stodde, the rich squire Stoddy's son, and though they aint zackly engaiged, yet I believe it is as good as that. he has bin raytber wild, butt has soan all his wild [illegible] thay say."

This charming epistle, after touching on sundry other topics, closed with the following soothing reflection for poor Theodore's wounded spirit:

"I'm sorry your so hard up, I shood think Presedint [illegible] him and at sutch a sackrifise of principal too, but the bible says put not your trust in princes.
Yours truly, ARCHIBALD WALWORTH."

CHAPTER XXII.

The ensuing month saw the impoverished family fully installed in their new home. Their reception was one in which a faint welcoming was mingled with a very patronizing air and with some scarcely disguised sneers at their fine apparel and at the many evidences of refinement in their manners and language.

Archibald and his family were all surprised to find that Eda, whom they had not seen for several years, had become a young lady, and they were evidently equally impressed with her extreme beauty and gracefulness. But on the last point nothing was said.

"I know I shall hate her," Polly said to her mother. "She is a little stuck-up city thing, as full of airs as an egg is of meat. I think it's too bad that she should come down here, jist at this time too."

Esther, who well knew what her daughter was thinking about, replied:

"Oh, pshaw! Charly Stoddy wouldn't want a pauper like her, that don't know anything about a farm, and he going to have one of the largest in the county too. He's too sharp for that. Besides she can be kept out of his way. I'll see to that."

The visitors had arrived about dinner time, and when they were beginning their meal, which Esther had prepared with extra care, perhaps as much out of a desire to display her housekeeping qualities as from hospitality, she said:

"I s'pose you won't be able to eat with steel forks with only two tines in 'em, but it's the best we have."

Theodore made some jocose reply, but he did not succeed in averting a succession of ill-natured remarks from the whole trio of his affectionate relatives, against various city customs with which the plainer manners of the country were supposed to contrast unfavorably.

"You'll find us pretty plain folks here," said Archibald; (Eda thought the remark quite superfluous.) "There aint nothin' hifalutin about my family, and never shall be, if *I* can help it; and I hope Miss Edy there, who seems a nice gal enough for all I've seen *yet*, won't be teachin' my darter any newfangled notions."

"I would'nt learn 'em if I could," replied Polly, very sharply, "so you needn't be afraid of that."

While Theodore Walworth and his daughter simply endured these things, and wondered whether street-sweeping would not be more respectable than to consent to be dependent upon such people, Master Franky alone had spoken his mind freely, and criticized, with a child's unconsciousness, everything which did not quite square with his notions of propriety. His innocent speeches, indeed, had been the immediate cause of no small part of the censorious remarks of the host and his family.

"I don't like these forks, Edy. They've forgot the napkins, Edy. Where is your bell, Aunt Esther? Why don't you have goblets? What a brown table-cloth!" Such were some of the child's sayings, which unfortunately proved galling to the narrow minds of his relations, and which Eda and her father found it impossible to repress, for Frank had always been an unbridled chatterer at home.

If such were the first day's experience of this new mode of life, its subsequent workings may well be imagined.

Polly made good her promise of hating Eda, whom she put down on all occasions; and as the poor child made but feeble resistance to any mode of imposition, (not, indeed, from want of spirit, but because she thought her duty to her father required her to submit,) but a few months passed before she became the drudge of the family.

Polly was beginning to play the fine lady, dressing herself every afternoon in her best, and sitting by her parlor window, while Eda set the tea-table, assisted her aunt to wash the dishes, and even began to learn that most abhorrent of all work, to her, milking cows. Side by side with the most slatternly of servant-girls she went tremblingly to the barn-yard with a pair of huge pails, and took her first lessons in this fine art; while Esther and her bedizened daughter leaned over the fence, and encouraged her to the work; and the astonished cows, missing the iron grasp to which their udders were accustomed, grew restive under the delicate manipulations of the novice, and falsified their reputation for docility by plunging and kicking, and by driving the city maiden in terror from their sides.

But Eda, though repulsed, and permitted to retire in tears for the time, was scolded and taunted into a renewal of her attempt on subsequent days.

And although she looked sufferingly forward, all day long, to the dreadful task, although her nightly dreams were disturbed by horrible encounters with bovine monsters, who seemed to pursue her with fiery eyes and lashing tails and terrific roars, she gradually learned her work, and night and morning sat contentedly down beside the meek-eyed, motherly animals, laughing at her former fears, and almost enjoying her new occupation. She had already learned to make butter and cheese, and by degrees the management of the dairy was chiefly committed to her hands, so that her services, although constantly underrated, and made to appear of trifling value, soon became far more than an equivalent for her own and her father's support.

Mr. Walworth did not improve in health, and he was disappointed in finding that he could perform no manual labor without increasing the worst symptoms of his disease. He was confined much of the time to the house, but in fine weather he had many pleasant rambles in the fields and woods, always with the company of the prattling Frank; and sometimes, when she could be spared from her multifarious duties, with the more valued society of his beloved Eda.

These were precious, golden hours to the invalid father, which he would not suffer to be marred by painful memories or useless forebodings, and upon which he always contrived to let in some roseate light of Hope, to gild that impenetrable Future which was veiled from their sight by so dark a cloud of present evils. Nor did Walworth lack for other amusements. He retained his youthful fondness for angling; and sometimes, with the exultant Frank, for whom he had rigged a pole and line, he repaired to a neighboring brook, and passed a pleasant hour or two in tempting its finny denizens from their deep retreats. When he could do nothing else, reading was always a resource, for he had saved and brought with him a small but choice part of his library; and his friends sent him the daily paper with which he had been connected, which formed a link between him and the busy world he had left, and seemed at times almost to renew its uproar around him.

Still another recreation he had. He had taught his daughter chess, and occasionally, though rarely, she found time to amuse him by a trial of skill at this his favorite game, which always more fully engrossed his mind, and more effectively shut down the gates of Memory upon the mournful Past, than any other occupation.

But none of these pursuits could be enjoyed without eliciting some taunting innuendo from the relentless Esther, about wasted time, and the health which was sufficient for everything but labor. For her part she did not think that hoeing potatoes was any harder work than going a-fishing; and as to this moving a "passel" of red and white bones on a checker board, hour after hour, she thought some folks would be stronger, and better able to do something useful, if they let it alone.

But she could not scold her niece, who always took the later hours of evening for this amusement, when all possible work was done; and Esther secretly rejoiced, too, that it served to keep her out of the way of Charley Stoddy, when he came sparking; for the squire's son, having once caught sight of the witching face of Eda, had never failed to inquire for her on his subsequent visits.

Charley was a good-natured and good-looking young man, broad-shouldered and huge-fisted, who made some pretensions to dress, and drove a good span of horses; but in intelligence and manners he was considerably below the average of country beaux in his neighborhood. His father, who was wealthy and a justice of the peace, had distinguished himself on a trial of more than ordinary importance, by interrupting one of the counsel during his "summing up," to ask which of the parties before him was plaintiff and which the defendant. Whereupon said counsel, being an irreverent young pettifogger, expressed his opinion that "the court was a squash head," for which exercise of the right of freedom of speech he was at once nonsuited and committed to jail, to the great delight of the opposing lawyer, and the entire vindication of the learned Stoddy.

The son was not like to surpass his sire in shrewdness; but he had an eye for beauty in woman; and nothing was more certain than that his attentions to Polly Walworth began to diminish from the day he first saw her pretty cousin. He still made his semi-weekly visits at the house, but they assumed more the character of neighborly calls; and while his addresses to his late flame became less and less marked, his desire to form the acquaintance of Eda was openly expressed. Polly put him off on various pretexts. Eda was always engaged, or unwell, or out; but Mr. Stoddy grew suspicious of these excuses, and rather broadly intimated his incredulity.

"If she don't want to see me, let her jist say so, out and out," he said, "and there's an end on't."

"Well, the truth is," replied Polly, "that

Edy don't seem to care about company; and you know she is rather citified in her notions about folks—that's all."

"Oh, I aint good enough to come near her, then, I s'pose! Very well. 'Nough said!" and the angry beau nursed his wrath in silence for some time, barely suffering himself to be mollified at length by some spicy gossip about a rival Adonis, who thought himself "mighty killing," but who "couldn't hold a candle to somebody that Polly could name."

"Do you mean me, Polly?" he asked, chucking her under her sharp, thin chin.

"Course I do," said the fair flatterer. "Everybody knows that you are a heap the handsomest."

Charley came nearer popping the question that night than he ever had before, as the expectant maiden very plainly saw; and many were the artifices by which she sought to lead him on. He stopped short of the mark, however, and went away, after engaging the willing belle's company for the next Sunday night, when, he said, he thought he should have something to tell her.

Polly held her head high during the next three days—was more than usually supercilious towards Eda, and threw out some mysterious hints about leaving home, and about the pain of parting with her parents, towards whom she became a little less snappish than usual. But an incident occurred before Sunday came round which again threatened an interruption to the course of true love.

The squire's son had never been captivated so much by Polly herself as by the broad acres which she represented, for she was old Archibald's only child. Yet he was not altogether sordid; and but for the scorn with which he supposed the witching Eda had treated him, he was all ready to be "off with the old love and on with the new."

Eda and her father had walked out together on Saturday afternoon, and, tempted by the fine weather, and by the beautiful and inviting face of nature, had strayed, unconsciously, much farther than usual from home. They were in sight of Squire Stoddy's fine large farm-house, when Mr. Walworth was affected with a sudden faintness, arising from his unusual exertions, and the terrified Eda shouted to some laborers in one of the fields for assistance. They came quickly to her aid, and one of them, at her request, ran to the house for water, while the other accompanied her to the side of the invalid, who, with pale lips and almost inarticulate voice, begged his daughter not to be alarmed, and then swooned entirely away.

As Mr. Walworth's disease had been pronounced to be in the heart, these were, of course, alarming symptoms, and poor Eda, almost frantic, supported his head, chafed his hands and his bloodless temples, and looked anxiously back for the help which, although very prompt, seemed to her many long minutes in coming.

Charley Stoddy and his sister accompanied the laborer, the former bearing a decanter of wine and the latter a pitcher of water, while Miss Stoddy brought smelling salts and a fan; and as all three came on a rapid run, they were quickly at the side of the patient and his distressed daughter.

Charley, who seemed to have some practical good sense, and who had the advantage of not being frightened, instantly lowered Mr. Walworth's head from the lap of Eda and let it rest upon the ground, and then took off his neck-tie, and unbuttoned the throat band of his shirt—a procedure which facilitated the return of the blood to the brain, and afforded speedy relief.

As soon as consciousness returned, he gave him a little wine and water; while the relieved Eda, who believed her father to have been rescued from the very jaws of death, looked upon the stranger as some delivering angel, and poured forth her gratitude to him with faltering words and with eyes that were literally flooded and overflowing with tears.

Charley, who thought he had never seen such a beautiful creature before, and who was sure the world did not hold her equal, received her acknowledgments with mingled emotions, and replied to them awkwardly enough. He was surprised to find that Eda did not even know who he was; and when she accepted, in behalf of herself and father, his invitation not only to go to the house and rest, but to permit him to take them home in his wagon, he was quite wild with excitement and delight.

The Stoddys all proved very hospitable; and while the parents were conversing with Mr. Walworth, now fully restored, the son found opportunity and courage to talk more freely to Eda.

"Laws! I thought you knew *me*," he said; "I'm round to your house pretty often."

"Oh, yes, I know *now*," replied Eda, smiling; "but you know I have never seen you before, and——"

"And that wa'n't *my* fault, neither," replied Charley, promptly. "I've asked for you often enough."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of that."

"What! do you mean to say that Polly never told you that I wanted to see you?"

"She certainly never did," answered Eda, thinking only of vindicating herself from any charge of impoliteness to the man who had just conferred so signal a favor upon her.

But a suspicion of the true state of affairs immediately occurred to her, and perceiving how damaging a blow she might be inflicting on her cousin's happiness, she instantly added:

"Probably she forgot it."

"Forgot it? But—but she went out of the room and *asked* for you, and came back and said you was busy, and wanted to be excused. This she did two or three different evenings."

"Oh well, then, she may have *seen* that I was busy, and *thought* that I wanted to be excused," said Eda, smiling, for truth would really permit her to say nothing more in Polly's defence.

"Haw! haw! Yes. Very likely! I thought Polly was a gal of truth, whatever else she was. I knew she wa'n't very handsome, and perhaps she was afraid of them that was handsomer. Haw! haw!"

Charley felt certain that his affections had turned an entire summersault, and had lighted full upon the beautiful girl before him; and he was astonished at his own assurance in making the fact so palpable.

Eda colored, and saying something about her hope that her cousin would be able to remove his suspicions of her insincerity, she broke up the *tête-à-tête* by intimating that it was time they were going.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Great was Polly Walworth's delight when from her chamber window she saw her lover approaching, in his best double pleasure-wagon, with his shining and well-groomed steeds; and although it seemed rather odd to her that he had brought his "old folks" along, (for such at first glance she supposed the occupants of the back-seat to be,) yet she was satisfied that he had reserved the place beside himself for her.

This view of the case of course was quickly changed, and consternation took the place of joy in the heart of Polly.

"I declare if there aint that deceitful little minx, and her father, riding with Charley Stoddy!" she exclaimed, to her mother. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Oh, don't be so sca'rt about your precious beau," said the mother, laughing. "I s'pose he's come across them somewhere, and has given them a lift home."

"Which she's been mighty willing to accept, the sly, artful, little huzzy; and it's half-an-hour past milking time, too."

Charley did not come in, but this gave Polly no particular uneasiness, as the next night was his regular "sparking night;" but she thought he was unnecessarily polite and careful in helping Eda out of the carriage, and that his parting bow was more profound than the occasion demanded.

When she had heard the whole story, as related chiefly by Mr. Walworth, she tried to think no harm had been done; but when Sunday came and went, without the appearance of her lover, dreadful misgivings filled her mind.

"I do believe it was nothing but a trick of Eda's," she said to her mother. "Didn't you see how she had been fixing herself up her prettiest; and then I should like to know what she went right towards *his* house for! They'd plotted it between 'em, I know, and for him to faint, and all. It's a shameful, bare-faced trick, and Pop shall send 'em both right away. A very nice thing it would be, indeed, for our pauper city-cousin to come out here—and—pick up the richest—and—and handsomest beau in the county, and a better one than she could have ever got at home in her best days! Mighty nice!"

Esther listened to her enraged daughter until she quite partook of her suspicions; and she took some blame to herself for not having foreseen and prevented the danger which now seemed so imminent.

"I told you how it would be," continued Polly; "but you wouldn't hear to me."

The mother promised to do all that she could to rectify the error, which she said would probably not turn out to be a very serious affair after all. Perhaps Charley has only had a little headache or toothache to-night, and he will probably be around to-morrow and explain it all."

"He *never* has the headache, and every tooth in his mouth is as sound as a rock and as white as milk," replied Polly, angrily.

The next day did not bring Mr. Stoddy; but on Tuesday, to the great relief of the distracted belle, he came with his horses and his wagon, and invited her *and Eda* to take a drive with him. This was better than not seeing him at all; and although she did not dare to practice her former duplicity towards her cousin, she resolved to prevent her going, if possible.

"He's come to take me a ridin'," she said to Eda, "and of course he has to ask you—but I suppose you don't want to go, do you?"

"Most certainly not," replied Eda, "but I ought to go in and see him, after all his kindness to us, you know."

"Oh, that aint necessary. I'll make plenty of excuses for you."

But Eda thought it *was* necessary, and Polly was too much pleased with her ready acquiescence in declining the ride, to insist on her objection. While she elaborately arrayed herself, her cousin, having given a minute or two to her toilet, descended to the parlor, where Charley, clad in his best suit of blue, was pacing the floor, whip in hand, and trying to look very bold.

"Oh, I am bully glad *you* are going," he said, shaking hands with Eda somewhat roughly, and then sinking his voice a little, he added, not without a genuine blush all over his broad face—"I—I didn't care so much about t'other one."

Eda slightly colored too, but laughing at the same time at the absurdity of the thing, she replied:

"*But I am not going, Mr. Stoddy, though I am very much obliged* [illegible] *you, of course. And as to 't'other one,' I really hope you are not going to be offended at her, or to—to——*"

"Oh, never mind about *her*. That's all up now, without any fault of yours—and—and I really *want* you to go."

Eda again declined.

Stoddy looked very sad, but immediately added:

"But I shall come and see you."

Eda replied that she would always be happy to see him as a friend, and that she could never forget his kindness to her father, and before he could rejoin, to her great relief, the dashing Polly descended, glowing like a full-blown peony, and announced herself ready at last.

That drive terminated Mr. Stoddy's attentions to Polly. She came home with red eyes, yet with almost as much of wrath as of grief in her heart. She knew now that Eda had been the means of bringing her duplicity to light, but how undesignedly it had been done she did not know, or would not see. Her anger was unappeasable; she openly accused her cousin of perfidy, and of seeking to lure her lover away from her. Eda was much distressed by these charges, but it was idle to allege her innocence or to assure Polly how much she had already interceded for her with her offended beau. The questions constantly occurred—"Why did you go there? Why did you put yourself in his way? And why, when you saw I was in a scrape, why didn't you help me out, as a friend should ought to, even if you had told a little white lie or two?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell a falsehood, Polly!"

"Oh, no! your conscience is too tender for that; but it isn't too tender to—to—go for to 'tice a feller away from a girl that he's 'set up' with for six months, and is just as good as engaged to. It aint too tender for *that*. But if you think you are going to keep company with him in *this* house, you are mistaken, unless it is in the kitchen."

"If I ever *do* 'keep company' with Charles Stoddy, in the sense that you mean, cousin Polly; or if I ever receive any visits from him, excepting those of ordinary civility, I will accept all you reproaches as just, and I will admit that I have intentionally fomented this unfortunate quarrel."

"Oh, yes, that's mighty fine talk! but 'smooth words don't butter no parsnips.' We shall see."

Polly's grief was really lessened by this assurance, but her spite was increased by the discovery that Eda scorned the man for whom she herself was pining and of whose addresses she had been so proud.

The fascinated rustic knew the temper of both Aunt Esther and her daughter too well to think of resuming his visits at their house, in the new character of a suitor of Eda. But after various ineffectual efforts to waylay her in her walks, which were now of rare occurrence, and never in the Stoddy neighborhood; after some vain attempts to meet her going to or returning from church, apart from some of her uncle's family, Charley resorted to the extraordinary experiment, for him, of making his wishes known by letter. As he really wrote a very good hand, he thought it would be a good opportunity to show off this accomplishment, and although he knew he was liable to mistakes in spelling—that he was deficient in grammar, that he had "no knack at composing"—all these he considered trifles compared with elegant penmanship.

Miss Eda was therefore greatly surprised at an epistle which reached her through the post-office, under cover of an envelope addressed to her father, and in which the writer plunged boldly *in medias res*, by assuring her that her "transplendant beauty" had "captivyated" him, that he was "dyeing for her," that he was "reddy to marry her off hand," that he had a fine farm of his own, well stocked, and a good house; that "his parients concented unanymusly, also his sister;" that "the rose is red, the vialet blew, the pink is sweat and so are you," and begging a "speedee anser."

He got it. A very speedy and decisive one, in kind terms of course, but terms which left him no hope of success, and his offer was consequently not renewed.

Eda was sorry that she could not show this correspondence to her cousin, in order to convince her of her own good faith in the matter, but her strict sense of honor would not permit her to divulge such a secret. Her position became, thenceforward, a more painful one than it had been before. Looked upon as the direct cause of Polly's misfortune, she was treated with corresponding harshness, and she feared daily to hear that they would be required to seek another home.

What they were to do she did not know, for Destitution stared them in the face, and she almost feared that she had done wrong in discarding her boorish lover without consulting with her father. Perhaps her duty to him required that she should have made even as great a sacrifice as this for his welfare; but she could not believe that he would have either required or permitted it.

She knew that he was not selfish or exacting, that he was ever solicitous for her welfare, and it had been her constant endeavor to exhibit a cheerful demeanor before him, and to prevent him from suspecting the extent of her unhappiness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When autumn came without material change in Mr. Walworth's health, he was advised to spend the winter in one of the West India islands, in order that the milder climate of that region might admit of his being much in the open air. He dreaded a seclusion in heated rooms—he longed for a sea-voyage—which, it was believed, might itself work a favorable change in his system; but whence were the means to come for so expensive an undertaking?

He had a little money left, not a third of the sum requisite for such a purpose; but Eda had the watch and jewelry which Belmont had given her, and these, when some secret pangs had been assuaged, some bitter tears suppressed, she offered to her father, with a radiant smile of filial love, which concealed all lingering traces of her anguish.

It was only after a severe mental struggle, after much urging and persuading from his daughter, and some broad hints from Archibald and Esther, that Mr. Walworth conditionally consented to avail himself of Eda's generosity.

If her treasures could be pledged, and not sold, if in those better days which flattering Hope depicted as yet in store for him, he could reclaim them, he would use them for his present necessity.

"Why should you hesitate?" Eda had said to him. "It is for us, Franky and me, that you desire to live. What would our life be without you? If I could weigh such things (however justly prized by me) against your health, I should be unworthy to be your daughter."

Eda had not worn the watch or jewels since she had left the city, and her uncle's family now first learned that she was the owner of such ornaments.

They were, of course, produced for inspection; their value was canvassed, and the sum which could be borrowed on them, and the mode of doing it, were discussed.

"Get them for Polly!" said Esther to her husband. [illegible] They'll be cheap if he shouldn't never pay [illegible] 'em back, which isn't at all likely; and any way she can have the use of 'em; and you can afford it for such a hard-working girl as Polly has always been. It will be a kind of consolation to her for the loss of Charley, and perhaps they may bring him back, she'll look so beautiful in them. I don't think he's ever quite got over a liking for her yit."

Archibald pretended to scout this plan; but it pleased him, nevertheless, and he proceeded to sound his brother on the subject—haggled with him from time to time on the value of the *bijouterie*, which, of course, he greatly underrated, and finally he agreed to take the articles to the city, get a certificate of their value from a well-known jeweller, and then to advance to Theodore two-thirds the amount, less the expenses of the trip.

This business-like arrangement was duly carried out, and resulted in transferring about two hundred dollars into the pockets of the invalid and in filling the heart of Polly Walworth with joy.

On the very next Sunday she astonished the neighborhood by wearing the whole set to church—watch and chain, brooch, bracelets, ear-drops and necklace, together with a few ornaments of her own; and such another bedizened maiden the oldest inhabitant of Crowvale could not claim to have seen.

Esther and Archibald were proud of the sensation which she created, and possibly they commiserated the despoiled Eda, who sat next to her gorgeous cousin, looking like a rose-bud beside a well opened hollyhock.

Various were the conjectures among the envious farmers and their wives and daughters as to the cause of this sudden and extravagant display. Some thought that old Archibald had found a gold mine on his farm; others that Polly had captivated a rich city beau; and still others, hitting nearer the truth, guessed that the ornaments which had excited their admiration had been Eda's and that they had been bartered for board.

In confirmation of the last opinion, Becky Shaw, who was supposed to have an eye on Charley Stoddy, stoutly asserted to a conclave of eager listeners, that she had once seen Eda, when some one inquired the time, put her hand to her belt as if to take out her watch, and then color and look quite embarrassed at her mistake. This solution of the mystery was the one that reached the ears of young Stoddy, who had been moved only to merriment by the *bizarre* appearance of his late flame, yet who, with the very natural perversity of the human heart, continued to pine for the sweet girl who had rejected him.

After a few days he sought a seemingly casual interview with Theodore Walworth, and said to him, very abruptly:

"Polly made a great splurge last Sunday."

Not quite knowing what a splurge might be, yet guessing easily enough at the rustic's meaning, the amazed man replied:

"Yes."

"They say them used to be Eda's things. Now, sir, if that are is so, I have jest got one thing to say, meaning no offence."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Walworth, unwilling to resent the seeming impertinence of a man who had been so kind to him, and whose whole broad face was now aglow with something like an expression of generous indignation.

Charley took out his pocket-book before replying, and throwing it upon the grass beside where the invalid was sitting, he said:

"Buy 'em back!"

"Buy them back? What—with your money, my good fellow? Impossible!"

"Not a bit of it! Buy 'em back! buy 'em back! I have just sold two good horses to git that money, and now—buy 'em back! But don't let her know a word of it that I did it—never!"

Walworth thanked his friend with much feeling, but he again protested that it was impossible for him to receive such a favor at his hands.

The reply was in mournful accents:

"You can—you can! I shall have little use for money now: I am always going to be a bachelor—always. Take it, and buy 'em back for that dear, sweet girl."

Charley's voice trembled; there were big tears in his large eyes, and he turned his head away.

"My good friend," said Walworth, rising and taking his hand, "I see how it is. I had guessed as much before, for though your letter passed through my hands, Eda never told me, nor did I ever ask her of its contents. But I cannot take your money. The time *may* come—for I am going far away, and I am compelled to leave my loved ones to the care and protection of others—the time may come when they will need such a generous and unselfish friend as you have proved yourself to be."

"I expect to go away myself," replied Charley, reluctantly receiving back his purse. "I've long thought of going West to buy a large farm of government land; and now everything is so gloomy like around here, I've determined for to go. It will be somethin' to do and to think about, and—and perhaps I shall git over it."

Every word and look of Charley showed that his honest heart was racked with the pangs of hopeless love; and Mr. Walworth did not part with him without bestowing some sensible advice upon him, and assuring him that Time would not only obliterate his grief, but would enable him to smile at the remembrance of his present distress.

It will have been seen that Miss Walworth's sacrifice for her father's benefit was not to be rewarded by the privilege of accompanying him into foreign lands, watching over his welfare, and ministering to his daily wants. Their resources were not sufficient for this purpose, nor of course could she be separated from Franky, whose chief dependence she was for all those multitudinous wants which maternal care supplies for other more favored children. The dear boy could not understand the reasons for the many privations to which he was subjected, and his plaintive petitions for accustomed privileges which were now beyond his reach, added not a little to Eda's sufferings.

When her father had gone, her exacting aunt yielded gradually to the temptation of relieving herself and her daughter, more and more, from household duties, by daily imposing some new task upon her, until her condition became scarcely better than that of Egyptian bondage. Work was even found for Franky's tiny hands, who, in the dearth of amusements, gladly accepted occupation at first, but chafed sadly when it became a routine and a necessity.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BESSIE'S ENGAGEMENT;

AND WHAT I DID ABOUT IT.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I thought the parlors were unoccupied, and I had opened the door and stepped half across the mellow gloom of the front one, before I discovered my mistake. It was an unusual hour for calls, certainly, but there was Hugh McFarland rising up, embarrassed, from the sofa where he had been sitting beside my niece, Bessie.

I am usually sufficient[illegible]ssed, and there seemed no p[illegible] should ask any one's pardon f[illegible] parlor at four o'clock in th[illegible]. But, without knowing why, I felt [illegible]d at having broken in upon this tete-a-tete, and I made the matter worse by saying, hurriedly:

"I beg your pardon—I did not know there was any one here."

"I should beg yours, Mrs. Hull, for coming at this unreasonable hour," replied Hugh McFarland, laughingly. "But I am going directly."

"Oh, I beg you'll not go," I said. "Pray sit down again, I've a dozen things to say to you," trying to better matters, but finding, after all, that I could with difficulty think of one or two things to say, and that Hugh was unusually stupid or pre-occupied, and helped me not at all, while Bessie sat in demure silence, I began to wish that he would go, and thus help me out of the dilemma.

It did seem as if that unhappy quarter of an hour would never come to an end. Hugh broke the charm by rising up, as if from a reverie, and walking out, after the briefest farewells.

I looked at Bessie for an explanation, but she eluded my glance and glided away up stairs without speaking. I proceeded to carry into effect my purpose of taking a siesta upon that particularly easy couch in the third parlor, so far as to lie down and close my eyes. But try as I would, I found it impossible to fall asleep.

"What sort of a conference did I interrupt?" I kept asking myself. But, ask as much as I would, I could not satisfy my curiosity.

If I had not known that Bessie was engaged I should have thought there had been a declaration. But Hugh did not wear the look of a rejected lover. Was it possible that he had not got an answer at all, owing to my interruption? Then Bessie was such a flirt, she might have given him a great deal of encouragement, and, of all others, I was most unwilling that she should flirt with Hugh McFarland.

Hugh McFarland's mother was one of my oldest friends. My memories of her reached back to the period when we were children together in that distant New England town that was the birth-place of us both. We were schoolmates, friends, confidantes through all our youthful years. I was Jennie's bridemaid when she married Hugh McFarland, our young minister—and she was a sweet young matron of a year, when her husband united me to the man of my choice. From that hour our paths had lain widely apart, but the youthful affection had known no waning through years of change and separation.

My husband had made haste to be rich, and success had crowned his efforts. I lived childless in a grand city home. Jane McFarland—she was *Jennie* in those dear old days—was a poor widow in that very country town where we had both been bred. Hugh was her only son, the idol of her heart, the support of her declining years. For while I was still youthful in looks and in feelings, a hard and sorrowful life had made Jane McFarland old before her time.

I liked Hugh; I was almost as fond of him as his mother. Years before I had induced his mother to let him come to the city, and he had been in Mr. Hull's employ nearly ever since. But my husband was about withdrawing from business, and Hugh's services had been transferred to another firm. But our house was as much his home as ever it had been, and, since his late return from Europe, Hugh had seen Bessie very often and, as I feared, had learned to love her well.

The little baggage! Did she mean to snare him with her pretty ways, and then add his heart to the scores she had broken? Poor Hugh was far too simple and sincere to cope with such an adversary.

The more I thought of it the more troubled and uneasy I became. Bessie's engagement had made me so secure, that I had not thought to warn her against trying her arts on Hugh. And yet I knew what an incorrigible flirt she was; knew well how she had made hearts her playthings, and her beauty a snare.

When I went down to tea I found that Bessie had gone out to spend the evening with a friend, and thus I lost my anticipated opportunity of giving her the lecture I intended. When she came home at ten o'clock I was in the hall, and saw Hugh McFarland bidding her good night at the door.

She was going up stairs at once, but I called her from the parlor, and she came, I fancied, with some reluctance.

"Oh, I thought you were going to scold me for going out without telling you," she said, in her merry way, putting up her lips for a kiss, when I asked her if she had had a pleasant evening. "I thought you were sleeping, and so did not disturb you."

Now I had her there, she looked so little like a culprit that I did not know how to commence. So I talked on about indifferent matters, waiting for an introduction to the remarks I meant to make. And presently, as Bessie pulled off her gloves, I saw sparkling on the first finger of her left hand a ring I had never seen before.

"Your engagement ring, I suppose, Bessie?" I said, pointing to the diamond that lay there tremulous with light.

"Yes, auntie," she answered, with a little smile and a bright blush.

"How is it that I have never seen it before?"

"Because I have not worn it, I suppose, Aunt Fanny." This time the answer came with such quaint demureness that I laughed outright.

"A very good reason," I said, as soon as I recovered my gravity. "But, Bessie, I want to say something to you about Hugh McFarland. You are engaged, you know——"

"Yes, auntie, three deep. There's King, and Lord, and Lathrop. Don't scold me, auntie. The men don't hesitate to trifle with us—why not avenge ourselves when we have the opportunity thrust upon us?"

"You are a very wicked girl," I commenced, and just at that instant the door opened, and Mr. Hull came in from his evening nap over the newspaper in the library, and announced that it was time to go to bed. Dear heart! I have always petted and indulged him in place of the babies that never came. He fancies he cannot sleep if he is up beyond a certain hour, or unless I retire at the same time. I did want to have my talk out with Bessie, but I would not annoy my good husband, for the sake of losing an opportunity that might recur any hour. So Bessie kissed me with a deprecating air, and her uncle with a joyous one, and went away to her room.

"Little witch! I wonder if I could have loved my own daughter any better!" said Mr. Hull, as he went up-stairs. I was silent. "Don't be jealous, wife. I've never objected to your loving Hugh as much as you liked."

"Hugh is worthy of being loved," I said, a little crossly.

"And is not Bessie?" asked the dear, cheery voice that never takes an angry tone from mine.

"I wish your Hugh would fall in love with the little girl—what a splendid match they'd make."

"That's just what I fear—not the match, but the falling in love. Bessie is too ambitious to marry a mere clerk, and besides she's engaged already—'three deep' she has the impudence to tell me, and so my poor boy's heart must be broken. I wish he'd stayed in Europe till she had gone home, or was safely married."

"Well, well, don't worry, my dear. If she's engaged, that ends the matter. Hugh don't want another man's property; but I hope she'll find as good a husband as he would make—a [illegible] honest, manly fellow—and bound to be rich, too."

"Pshaw! Rich!" I said, in my most contemptuous tones. I was just in the mood to despise, then, what I usually found an exceedingly agreeable possession—riches—in fact everything but true love.

"You're not cross, are you, Fanny?" asked Mr. Hull, as he turned off the gas. That ended the colloquy, and in two minutes the slightest suspicion of a snore gave evidence that he was sleeping the sleep of the just. I lay awake a long time, cogitating, planning. At length having determined to write to Jane on the morrow, telling her my plans, and asking her to induce Hugh to go and stay with her until he next went to Europe, I fell asleep.

I woke in the morning with one of my nervous headaches. My life had been so prosperous and happy that I could not bear the slightest excitement, or worry, without being thrown quite off my equilibrium.

Bessie came to my door several times during the morning: but the very sound of her voice made my head throb frightfully, and I would not suffer her to come in. When Mr. Hull came home to his dinner at three o'clock he came up to see me and found me much better.

"I wish you could go down, my dear," he said, kissing me. "I brought Hugh home with me, knowing that, if you were better, you would like to see him."

"And you left him there with Bessie—when you knew how anxious I am to keep them apart," I said, reproachfully. "Even these few moments may have been sufficient to make Hugh unhappy for life."

"Oh, I hope not, Fanny. But I rather think if mischief is to be done, the time to prevent it has past. He is sufficiently triumphant at any rate, and Bessie is all sweet shyness and pretty blushes. I believe the girl has found her master, and I think Hugh knows it, too."

"Nonsense! You men never will understand the arts of women. Of course the little wretch is playing off her 'pretty ways' upon Hugh. Only wait until she gets him fairly entangled, and you will see how unconscious she will be—wondering 'what the man means when she has given him no encouragement at all.'"

I was too vexed to say more, and the pain had returned with double intensity. I could only bury my head in the pillows, and watch Mr. Hull, as, after his pained, "I am very sorry, my dear," he softly withdrew and left me to the quiet which was always my best remedy.

I did not for a moment give credence to Mr. Hull's supposition. Setting aside the curious fact of Bessie's three engagements, I was firmly of opinion that, in any case, she would not accept Hugh McFarland. So I lay there tormenting myself, till what with physical, and what with mental suffering, I was well nigh delirious. Occasionally, through an opened door, a gush of cheery voices, or a trill of Bessie's merry laughter, would reach me; but after a time the house grew still. Dinner and tea were over, and I pictured to myself Mr. Hull dozing over his newspaper in the library, and Bessie in the parlor plying her arts to bring Hugh to her feet. I could endure it no longer. I rose from my bed, and, half blind as I was with the maddening pain, I groped my way to my writing table and hastily penned this note to Mrs. McFarland:

MY DEAR JANE: If you would save Hugh come at once. I am too ill to do anything more than write this warning; but I shall expect you by Saturday at the latest. Your affectionate friend,

FANNY HULL.

Ringing the bell, I directed this missive to be sent to the post at once, and then returned once more to my couch. I passed the remainder of the evening in a state of stupor, but slept at last, and woke in the morning relieved of pain, and with only an excessive languor remaining as a reminiscence of all I had endured. My fears were quieted for the moment. Bessie had gone to spend a week with a friend out of town, and Hugh I learned was busy in the city. Besides, I felt that I had by my letter transferred the responsibility of his happiness to his mother. It never occurred to me that I must have given the poor woman a terrible fright, nor that, in the whole affair, I was making myself sufficiently ridiculous, seeing that Hugh, at twenty-five, must be supposed quite able to take care of himself.

Saturday morning, fully twelve hours before I had reckoned upon her reaching me, Mrs. McFarland arrived. She had travelled without rest or food, and her pale face, with its eager expression of anxiety, first announced to me what I had done.

"Is he living yet?" were her first words; and I was so thoroughly surprised that I knew not how to answer her. My silence, I suppose, confirmed her fears, for she tottered to a chair, and I thought she would have fainted in the hall before I could explain that Hugh was perfectly well. The servants had gathered round, and Mr. Hull, who knew nothing of my having written to Mrs. McFarland, stood by, a picture of wondering surprise. At length I persuaded her to go upstairs, and there I told her all.

Before I finished, we were called to breakfast, and when we went down we found Mr. Hull in a great fidget, because he had been delayed beyond his usual hour, and in a hurry to get down town, though, I think, he had nothing in the world to do.

Of course I intended to ask him to find Hugh and send him up at once, but he volunteered the duty. Mrs. McFarland and I waited at home the whole morning expecting the dear boy, but he never came. Dinner-time came and then we learned that Hugh had gone, on the eleven o'clock train, to the village where Bessie was staying.

"Marks told me," added Mr. Hull, "that he would not be back till Tuesday."

Jane and I looked at each other. Gone after Bessie! We could see it all, now, for Bessie was to be at home on the Tuesday.

"Poor infatuated boy!" exclaimed Mrs. McFarland, elevating her hands and eyes, and looking the very image of despair, the moment we were alone. "He is going to ruin himself and break his poor mother's heart!"

Jane had adopted a view of the matter even more melancholy than my own. She was gloomy by long habit—and Hugh was so dear to her. I believe she thought Bessie something evil, and had she lived in the days of witchcraft, would have unhesitatingly testified against her.

We had nothing to do but wait. I found, however, that Mr. Hull, who was not in the secret, wrote to Hugh that afternoon that his mother had arrived, evidently in trouble, and that letter brought the truant on Monday, Bessie, of course, in his company.

We were at tea when a carriage drove to the door, and in a moment Bessie was in my arms, kissing me distractedly.

"And this is Mrs. McFarland," she said, turning to that lady. "Hugh was so sorry he was away. I hope the delay has made no difference. We were just starting for a pic nic, but I would come right off."

"I am very sorry your pleasures should have been interrupted, on my account," replied Mrs. McFarland, stiffly. "Surely you might have finished your visit, though my son felt himself obliged to return."

"Oh, I could not think of having Hugh come back alone. I was so glad to come," said Bessie, sweetly. But Jane turned away from her almost contemptuously as her son entered the room. Hugh took his mother away to the library, and then, as I turned again to Bessie, I saw she was in tears.

I began to think I had got myself into an unpleasant position. I had aroused the elements and possessed no power to still them. Here was Jane in angry dignity saying insulting things to my niece, and Bessie crying about them. And Hugh would, of course, be angry at my interference, and Mr. Hull would be annoyed, and I, especially if it should turn out that there had been no love-making, should be made to feel that I had been acting in the most absurd manner.

Bessie would say nothing—only that she wondered "why Mrs. McFarland should treat her so, and that she wanted to love her," and finally she went crying up to her room.

"What does this all mean, my dear?" asked Mr. Hull, the moment we were alone.

"I am sure I don't know," I replied, "except that I wanted Jane to get Hugh away before harm came to him."

"And you sent for her?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence. Mr. Hull sat looking very grave. At last:

"My dear wife, I am afraid you have done a very foolish thing."

I began to think so, also. But even this did not grieve me like the grave look and the reproachful words, the first that ever I received from my husband in my twenty-five years of married life.

"Forgive me," I said, humbly, and the kiss he gave me in reply was as tender, his words as lenient to my folly, as they had always been to every fault of a character far short in its imperfections of the grand simplicity of his own.

I went up-stairs to seek Bessie. I heard a bell ring as I passed through the hall, and presently a servant tapped at the library door. Hugh came out and gave some directions in a loud voice, and while I lingered the girl passed me on the stairs. She went straight to Bessie's door.

"If you please, Miss Bessie," she was saying as I came up, "Mr. McFarland bade me ask you if you would step down to the library. His mother would like to be spakin' to ye."

"Oh, auntie, what shall I do?" cried Bessie, throwing herself into my arms. I turned to the girl.

"Say that Miss Bessie will be down soon," I said; "and now, my dear, tell me what is the matter."

"Oh, auntie," she cried through her sobs, "I love Hugh so much, and his mother is so cruel to me! I was pleased to think that I could make her happy. She never had a daughter, and I never knew my mother. I thought she would love me, and let me be her child."

"So you are engaged to Hugh," was all I could say in my extreme astonishment. Here was a phase in the character of this thoughtless, volatile creature, hitherto closed to me. I had not believed there was so much womanly feeling in her. "And pray, what is to become of King, and Lord, and Lathrop?"

"Why, I never cared for them at all," she said, with her eyes very wide open. "I know I've been a very wicked girl, and I did tell them, when they teased me so dreadfully, that perhaps I would marry them some day,—no, no,—you know what I mean, I did not ever intend to marry one of them; but, oh, this is so different. I never loved anybody till I saw Hugh."

She was a foolish little creature, not half worthy of my honest, manly Hugh, but I saw she had a heart, and she could not fail, loving him, to be ennobled by contact with his earnest nature. These were only butterflies with whom she had been sporting—no hearts would be broken, no harm done—they probably were as little earnest as she had been. I thought of all these things as she clung to me, and when I drew her closer, and left a kiss upon her fair brow.

"Only be a good, loving wife to Hugh, and I shall be content, my darling," I said, and then I took her down stairs.

I did not enter the library with her, but went away to tell my "auld man" the wonderful tidings. Solomon Hull is a very staid and dignified man, not given to tears, nor laughter, nor unseemly caperings. But on this occasion he cried, and laughed, and danced—all three. He denies it—but I nevertheless aver that my statement is strictly true.

He loved Bessie as if she had been his own—the little witch had a way of creeping into every man's heart—and he showed this affection, significantly, by presenting her, on her marriage-day, with a handsome and elegantly furnished house in her own right.

In this house she and Hugh are now living, the happiest people (except Solomon Hull and myself) that I know. Jane McFarland lives with them, but we have never been quite as good friends as before, since she accused me of ambitious motives in trying to deprive Hugh of so excellent a wife. In her opinion, Bessie only falls short of perfection in being a little below Hugh, and I am very glad she thinks so.

RICHMOND WAYNE'S COURAGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"You are a base, mean-spirited coward, Richmond Wayne!"

The young soldier brought his clenched hand angrily down upon the table, as he uttered the stinging taunt, while the burning flush of passion dyed his handsome forehead.

Richmond Wayne bit his lip until the blood came—it was not in man's nature to bear such insulting words unmoved—but when he spoke it was in calm, measured accents.

"A *coward*, Edgar! That is not a pleasant word to hear, nor a wise one to utter, unless you are fully prepared to prove the accusation."

"None but a coward would stay skulking at home when every brave man in the nation is going forth to fight the nation's battles! None but a mean-spirited cur would refuse his own brother-in-law the paltry sum of fifty dollars!"

"Stop a moment, Edgar Bruce! You know as well as I do why I deem it my duty to remain at home, even while my heart is in the war. You know that my three motherless children are dependent on my salary for support; you are perfectly aware that I cannot leave them. As for the fifty dollars, Edgar, you should have them, and welcome, did I not know too well that they will only be squandered at the gaming table. I promised your sister and my wife, on her dying bed, to watch over your future, and guard you from all evil and temptation, to the best of my ability. Lending you this money would be but a poor fulfilment of my solemn obligation. Yet, Edgar, I pray you to believe that you are as dear to me as my own brother could be. I would lay down my life to preserve you from harm, but I cannot give you this money."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a common gambler?"

"What else can I think, Edgar?"

The young man's eyes flashed fiercely.

"Retract your words, this instant, Wayne, or you shall suffer for them!"

"I have only spoken the truth. I cannot, and will not retract *that*, Edgar Bruce."

Bruce raised his clenched hand with a sudden forward movement, and struck his brother-in-law so furiously, that the latter, taken entirely by surprise, staggered back against the table with a cheek which changed from white to scarlet, then back to settled pallor once more.

"Edgar," he said, in stifled accents, "I would not take this insult at another man's hand—but Helen's only brother is sacred in my sight. The time may come—nay I am certain that it *will*—when you will repent this rash act!"

He left the room with a calm dignity which for the moment over-awed even Edgar Bruce; but the instant the door closed, the spell seemed dissolved.

"The miserable poltroon!" muttered our hot-headed young soldier. "I will never set eyes on his face more!"

Could he but have foreseen when and how he should look upon that face again!

"He is here, boys—here, in this house! I saw them carry him in! Break down the door—smash the windows! I tell you we *will* get in. The villain! he shot down three of our best men. Are *we* to be treated like dogs because he wears those cursed shoulder-straps? Come on, boys! that's right—stave in the door!"

They crowded round the house, those howling rioters, maddened with their fancied wrongs, and all athirst for blood. Woe to the United States soldier who dared to brave their headlong fury! Edgar Bruce had charged through their midst at the head of his little band, as bold as a lion; but now, wounded and bleeding, he shrank from the sound of their demoniac yells.

"For Heaven's sake, keep them out!" he shrieked. "Richmond Wayne—is that you? don't leave me! They will tear me limb from limb!"

"They shall not touch you as long as *I* draw the breath of life!" hissed Wayne from between his set teeth, as he sprang to defend the door, which seemed literally bursting from its hinges under the pressure of the infuriated crowd without. "That's right, Harvey—carry him into the inner room, and keep the doors locked. Help *must* come, sooner or later—until then I will guard him with my own life!"

Even as he spoke the door fell with a crashing of timber and clanging of bolts. He turned to the sea of furious faces which broke on his view.

"Men, what does this mean? What do you want here?"

"We want the officer you have hidden away!" was the answer, scarce distinguishable through the uproar. "He has shot down our comrades! Give him up to us!"

"That means that he has done his duty," quietly answered Wayne, drawing his revolver, and pointing it full at the crowd. "I will not give him up!"

"The man's mad!" shouted one of the ring-leaders. "Let us pass—we don't want to hurt *you*, if you'll give up the tyrant you have got here!"

"Never!"

The word was Richmond Wayne's death-warrant. In the same instant there was a forward rush, and he fell, struck by a score of weapons, trampled down beneath a hundred hurrying feet.

His own sentence had come true—he had indeed laid down his life to preserve Edgar Bruce from harm: the momentary delay enabled the reinforcements to arrive in time to rescue Bruce from the hands of the maddened populace—but all too late to call back the noblest heart that ever stilled into death.

"Dead! O, God! could he but hear my voice once more!" wailed Edgar Bruce, as he bent over the marble face in wild outbursts of remorse. "Dead! and for *my* sake—to save *my* worthless life! Dead! and I called him a coward—I struck him like a dog! O, merciful Heaven! this punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Too late! alas, his repentance had come too late! For Richmond Wayne had been steadfast "to the death."

BALLAD.

BY ALICE CARY.

Into the house ran Lettice,
With hair so long and so bright,
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has listed!
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice!"
And she smoothed her darling's brow.
"'Tis true! you'll see—as true can be—
He told me so just now!"

"Ah, that's a likely story!
Why, darling, don't you see,
If Johnny had 'listed into the war
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is going to go, mother,
Whether it's right or wrong;
He is thinking of it all the while,
And he won't be with us long.

Our Johnny going to go to the war!
Ay, ay, and the time is near;
He said when the corn was once in the ground,
We couldn't keep him here?"

"Hush, child! your brother Johnny
Meant to give you a fright."
"Mother, he'll go—I tell you I know
He's 'listed into the fight!

Plucking a rose from the bush, he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back!"

"A dream! a dream! little Lettice
A wild dream of the night;
Go find and fetch your father in,
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,
Calling near and far,
"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,
Are you going to go to the war?"

At last she came and found him
In the dusty cattle-close,
Whistling Hail Columbia!
And beating time with his rose.

The rose he broke from the bush when he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay, mock anger,
He plucked her by the sleeve,
Saying, "Dear little, sweet little rebel,
I am going by your leave!"

"O Johnny! Johnny!" low he stooped
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,
And took her golden head in his hands,
And told her he would not die.

"But, Letty, if anything happen—
It won't, little Letty, I know—
But if anything should, you must be twice as good
As you are, to mother, you know!

Not but that you are good, Letty,
As good as you can be;
But then you know it might be so,
You'd have to be good for me!"

So straight to the house they went, his cheeks
Flushing under his brim;
And his two broad-shouldered oxen
Turned their great eyes after him.

That night in the good old homestead
Was many a sob of pain;
"O Johnny, stay! if you go away,
It will never be home again!"

But time its still sure comfort lent,
Crawling, crawling past,
And Johnny's gallant regiment
Was going to go at last.

And steadying up her stricken soul,
The mother turned about,
Took what was Johnny's from the drawer
And shook the rose-leaves out.

And brought the cap she had lined with silk,
And strapped his knapsack on,
And her heart, though it bled, was proud as she said,
"You would hardly know our John!"

Another year, and the roses
Were bright on the bush by the door;
And into the house ran Lettice,
Her pale cheeks glad once more.

"O mother! news has come to-day!
'Tis flying all about;
Our John's regiment, they say,
Is all to be mustered out!

"O mother, you must lay me a dress,
And ribbons of blue and buff!
O what shall we say to make the day
Merry and mad enough!

"The best and brightest day that e'er
The sweet sun looked upon,
When we shall be dressed in all of best,
To welcome home our John!"

So up and down ran Lettie,
And all the farmstead rang
With where he would set his bayonet,
And where his cap would be hung!

And the mother put away her look
Of weary, waiting gloom,
And a feast was set and the neighbors met
To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood
With his eager face at the pane,
And Lettice was out at the door to shout
When she saw him in the lane.

And by and by a soldier
Came o'er the grassy hill;
It was not he they looked to see,
And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,
'Twas all that he could do,
And the cap he had worn all grimed and torn,
With a bullet-hole straight through!

WOMAN'S LOVE

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed, her servants exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight, a door was open for air, she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger; and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lips to insure silence, held out to the robber her purse and her keys. To her great surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room, and, without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.

—To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

FIRST AND LAST.

"I am sure you'll like him, Lilly! He's just like one of your heroes of romance!"

"I confess to no small degree of curiosity on the subject of this cousin of yours," said Lilly, half smiling as she twisted a trailing fern around the broad white ribbon of her hat. "But, Mary, will he like *me?*"

"Like *you!* How could he help it, you lovely little Oriental? And besides, he *must* worship your intellect, Lilly."

"Perhaps not," sighed Lilly Dare, her long dark lashes curving into a mournful droop.

Mary Estcourt threw her arms fondly round her friend's neck, entering with all a woman's delight into the slightest trifle that savored of match-making—"he *certainly* will love her, and oh! how nice it would be to have Lilly Dare for a cousin-in-law!" she thought.

* * * * * *

The sunset was tangling its network of misty gold around the swinging bells of the scarlet honeysuckle vine, as Lilly Dare came through the shaded parlors towards the spot where she could just discern Mary Estcourt standing beside a tall, stylish figure, whose head nearly touched the green canopy of vine-leaves above. Suddenly she stopped short, as if some unwelcome sound had impeded her progress. Leslie Gore's voice floated towards her, sharp and petulant.

"A blue-stocking—a live authoress! I'll take the down train to New York to-night, sooner than be brought into contact with such a nuisance. Of all things I detest your literary women! Why couldn't you have told me there was such an infliction in the house, and spared me the journey up!"

"But, Leslie——"

Lilly Dare did not stay to hear Mary's eager justification and praises—she walked up to her own room with the slow, haughty step of a queen, and when Mary came to call her to tea, she only answered that "her head ached violently and she would rather not come down;" but the next morning she took the cars for the city, before Mr. Gore was up.

"Leslie Gore! are you asleep and dreaming, or must I get a speaking-trumpet and hail you, ship fashion?"

"Did you speak to me, Emerick? I'm sure I beg pardon, but I was thinking of something else."

"Of some-*body* else, more probably, and I shouldn't wonder if I could hazard a shrewd guess as to the subject—all the world knows you are madly and ridiculously in love with Miss Dare. Come now—own up, and don't blush like a school-girl!"

"Why shouldn't I own up? I presume I am not the only person in New York who admires Lillian Dare."

"Not by a hat-full! There's Ferdinand White—and Harry Pell—and Fitzhugh Boynton—and——"

"Pray spare me the enumeration—it isn't particularly agreeable to hear the list of one's rivals. I *am* in love, Emerick; and I don't mind telling you, that if Miss Dare refuses me, I shall leave this country. I cannot endure the mortification—the disappointment of a rejection; and yet, poor fool that I am, I feel it to be impossible to exist away from the sunshine of her presence."

"Decidedly sentimental, upon my word," said Lacy Emerick, brushing a stray speck of dust off his cravat. "Rather a new thing, isn't it, for the cool and complacent Leslie Gore to be so completely at the mercy of a woman's smile or frown?"

He looked after his friend with a curious shrug of the shoulder, as Gore disappeared within the portals of Colonel Dare's "brown-stone-front."

"I'm not vindictive," he said to himself, "but I *do* think it would do Gore good to meet with a flat refusal. He has considered himself irresistible for so long, that—— But Lilly Dare will know how to manage him, if any woman does!"

Yes, Miss Dare *was* at home; and Leslie Gore felt singularly nervous as the servant ushered him into a large, partially darkened room, where the air was full of rose scents and heliotrope odors, from the vases of cut flowers, that were half hidden by the gorgeous folds of purple velvet curtains, falling from golden acanthus leaves to the very carpet. Miss Dare was sitting at a delicate little satin-wood writing-table, in a simple morning dress of white muslin, with her curls drooping from the vivid scarlet clasp of a coral comb. She rose as he entered, and greeted him with quiet dignity.

"May I trouble you to be as brief as possible in stating your business, Mr. Gore? I am rather in a hurry this morning."

Here was an unpropitious commencement of affairs! Leslie turned hot and cold at once.

"I—that is, Miss Dare, or Lillian—if I may venture to call you so—the fact is, I did not call on business matters!"

"No?"

How defiantly pretty she looked. Gore plucked up courage, and dashed vehemently into the very heart of his subject.

"I may as well speak out at once, Miss Dare. I came to tell you how deeply and passionately I loved you—to ask if it were possible for you ever to return my sentiments? Answer me, Lillian—for my life's fate hangs on your breath!"

He had sunk down—really very gracefully—on the velvety pile of the purple carpet at her feet.

"You love me?" she repeated, arching her brows.

"More than my own life!" he asseverated, eagerly.

"Must I remind you, Mr. Gore, that I am 'a blue-stocking'—'a live authoress'—a 'literary infliction?' Rise, sir; your fate was decided more than a year ago by your own lips!"

"I do not understand you, Miss Dare."

"Have you forgotten the girl who was visiting your cousin, Miss Estcourt—the innocent little country lassie, whose heart was already half given to the *preux chevalier* so often described by Mary Estcourt?"

"Is it then—are *you* the same one?"

"I am; and I heard your wholesale condemnation of literary women. I need not tell you how deeply I was wounded and mortified; and then—and then I resolved, if possible, to avenge the slight offered to the whole sisterhood of '*live authoresses!*' Go, sir—I do not love you, nor ever shall. What might have been, had I not chanced to overhear your unkind criticism, is of no further consequence to either of us. Suffice it to say, that your attentions are highly disagreeable to me. Good morning!"

She waved him from the room with the gesture of a goddess, and when he was gone sat quietly down to her writing, murmuring, half aloud:

"I think he will be less rash in his judgments another time. For his heart I do not fear, but I hope his vanity has received a salutary check."

It was a bitter cup that Leslie Gore drank to the dregs—to be rejected by a "blue-stocking;" but she was right—it did him good.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in heaven that were before invisible.

THE familiar experiment of the hydrostatic paradox, in which a capillary column of water balances the ocean, is a symbol of one man's relation to the whole human family.

LOVE, in a tiny form, may enter into the heart through a small aperture, and, after it gets in, grow so big on what it feeds on that it can never squeeze out again.

LET us learn the mild lesson nature teaches that our own orbit is all our task, and that we need not assist the administration of the universe.

IF you can't make a village or a parish or a family think alike, don't suppose you can make a world pinch or pad its beliefs to a single pattern.

SEXTONS and undertakers are the cheerfullest people in the world at home, as comedians and circus clowns are the most melancholy.

IT is always right to make the best of a bad position, but not to put ourselves in a bad position because we *can* make the best of it.

A TRUTH breathed by pale and gentle lips may be more crashing than the heaviest cannon-ball or the most terrible thunderbolt.

IT is said, that, of all the teas, Souchong conduces most to scandal, but a good many reputations have been blown up by Gunpowder.

IF you are in a bookstore, and the bookseller knocks you down with the first volume of a book, knock him down with the second.

THE great poet tells us that music soothes the savage heart. So, if you are captured by the Indians, sing and whistle with all your might.

MANY a spiritual shepherd takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

THE demagogue blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot.

THE world is not greater than man. No man is called on to lose his own balance for the world's advancement.

A GREAT soul has nothing to do with consistency. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.

A YOUNG woman may get her lover upon his knees if she can, but she should never let him get *her* upon them.

WHEN the head and the heart act each other's parts, both perform indifferently. Let each stick to its rolé.

WHEN the wind whistles through your key-hole, it expects you to whistle with it. It is sounding the key-note.

TERRIBLE are the wounds that War inflicts upon a nation, but Peace heals them at last with her *olive* oil.

BETTER be accused of a vice, being innocent, than acquitted of it, being guilty.

THE most and the best that is done for you must be done by you.

MANY run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.

IF an allegation is made against you, consider the character of the alligator.

CHARITY may sometimes gush forth from the hardest heart like silver water from the rock.

DON'T tempt a cudgelling unless you have some ability to cudgel.

OF all the heathen deities, the hungry man would probably prefer Pan.

A BLUNT truth is very likely to bruise a man without penetrating him.

THE great poet rubs our eyes with common clay, and we see the stars and flowers anew.

THERE are letters of marque, and a great many letters that are in nowise letters of mark.

THE beautiful tresses of young ladies are beau-strings.

CURRENT ITEMS

DARING burglaries and robberies have become more frequent in this city during the last year than they were for many years previous; and the reason for the great increase in these crimes has at last been found out. It seems that the English government have been sending their most notorious, convicted felons to this country, instead of to Botany Bay; and of course they set at work plying their nefarious callings as soon as they arrive on our shores, and being unknown to the police they escape detection more easily than our native villains can. But now that the dirty trick of the British government has been found out, such a watch will be kept upon all suspicious-looking persons who come from merry England's shores, as will render the New World an unpleasant abiding place for them.

AGNES SCHAEFFER, a German girl, was murdered in this city in April last, and her murderer, who was also a German, succeeded in making his escape to Europe, where he remained until a short time since, when, supposing that he was not suspected as the guilty man, from the fact that no inquiry had ever been made for or after him by the police of New York, he returned to this city, arriving here a few days since; but he had scarcely set foot on shore before he was arrested for the murder. The "detectives" had played their game so thoroughly that the poor wretch believed himself wholly unsuspected and perfectly secure from detection, and so walked squarely into the trap that had for months been set for him.

ABOUT five o'clock, one morning lately, an unknown man was seen to undress himself on a pier on the East River, and then jumped into the water. As he did not reappear for some time, the parties who saw him jump in went to the spot where his clothes were lying and looked for him in the water, expecting to see him disporting himself therein; but he was nowhere visible. They then gave the alarm; the Police came, and search being made, the dead body of the unknown was at last found. The question then arose as to whether he committed suicide or was accidentally drowned while bathing; but no clue either as to this or to his identity could be arrived at.

A DUEL was fought between a couple of miners in the Washoe silver mines, not long ago, with pickaxes. The combatants were placed one rod apart, and advanced to the attack on a given signal. One ran furiously at his opponent, who advanced slowly, with his pickaxe raised ready to strike; but when the other got within about two paces he suddenly hurled his weapon at his slow-moving antagonist, and the point hitting him in one eye, he was knocked senseless, and although he was after a time restored to consciousness, the sight of his eye was ruined, and it was considered doubtful if he could long survive his injuries.

IT is rumored that one reason why England is so averse to getting mixed up with France in our affairs is, that she has a gigantic scheme of conquest in China and Japan under consideration which, if entered upon, will require all her resources. As proof of this, it is said that an English nobleman of high rank not long since declared that a Governor-General of China and Japan would be sent out in less than two years.

THERE are four brothers in Illinois, the eldest of whom is seventy-six and the youngest fifty-one, who have twenty-three sons in the Union army, all of whom are said to be "regular trumps," and who range in rank from corporal to major-general. The grand-parents of those twenty-three boys deserve well of their country.

A FINE-LOOKING boy, about thirteen years of age, fell into the dock at the foot of Canal street one evening lately, and though rescued before life became extinct, he died in a short time after he was carried home to his parents' residence.

TWO women living in Mulberry street dropped dead, at about the same time, one evening lately. One was carrying a pail of water up stairs when she fell lifeless, and the other was sitting in her chair sewing.

AN aged man living in Eleventh street fell from the second-story window of his residence, one morning recently, and was injured so badly that he died in a few hours.

A FAMILY consisting of the father, mother and five children all died in this city recently, in the course of one week—the father, mother and two children of diptheria, and the other three children of cholera-morbus.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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NATIONAL INSULTS.

Central America—The Mosquito Protectorate—The Clayton-Bulwer Convention—The Monroe Doctrine.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The last of the specifications adduced by our friends across the water, to support the charge against us of pursuing toward Great Britain, "for the last fifty years, a uniformly offensive" course, and thereby showing ourselves, not a "loyal friend but a grasping and bullying adversary" of that country, remains to be noticed. It is expressed in the following terms, in the London Quarterly Review for January, 1862:

> "Again in 1856 we were on the brink of a war with the United States on the question of Central America. It would be hopeless to attempt to condense the history of the dispute in a few sentences; and the public has long been heartily sick of the obscure politics of the Mosquito territory and Nicaragua. We need only state that our protectorate of Mosquito, which had existed for two centuries, was denied by the United States; and President Pierce, when he came into office, avowed his adherence to what is called the Munroe [Monroe] doctrine, which in effect amounts to this, that no European Power has the right to colonize or interfere with any part of the Continent of America, south of the frontier of Canada. Indeed we are not sure that it even excludes Canada."

This, certainly, is very inadequate proof of the charge of being for fifty years uniformly offensive, grasping, and bullying in our relations with Great Britain. To entertain a different opinion from her on great international relations and historical questions, is in itself no crime, and when the essence of the offence consists in the manner in which our pretensions have been urged, it is supercilious trifling to allege nothing, but that the two governments have differed on important occasions.

The only facts stated in this paragraph are that the United States "denied the British protectorate of Mosquito, which had existed for two centuries," and that President Pierce avowed *his adherence to what is called the Monroe doctrine. While these facts, if true,* afford no ground for the charge which is to be proved, they form a very inaccurate and defective account of the recent controversies between the two governments, relative to Central America. It is quite true, as stated by this writer, that it would be hopeless to attempt to condense the history of the dispute into a few sentences, but an intelligible outline of it can be given in a moderate compass.

The claims of Great Britain to some kind of a *suzeraineté* over the Eastern coast of Central America had never attracted the slightest notice in this country till our acquisition of California gave great importance to the means of communication with the Pacific coast. Our government has, in fact, been very far from a "grasping and bullying" policy in reference to Central America. When this interesting region—a country more than twice as large as Great Britain, and possessing natural resources not inferior to any country in the world—declared its independence of Spain and formed with its five infant republics a federal government, it resolved, by the unanimous vote of its representatives, to seek admission into the American Union, and sent an embassy of eight of its most respectable citizens to Washington to effect that object. That Spain would ever re-establish her authority in any part of her former American dominions was as much out of the question in 1823—the date of this transaction—as that the Moors would reconquer Spain. But though our government considered that the time had come to acknowledge the independence of Mexico and the South American Republics—an independence which Spain had for several years ceased to contest—this voluntary offer of an empire was courteously declined by the United States, and that, too, contemporaneously with the announcement by the President of what has been called the Monroe doctrine!

With respect to the protectorate of Mosquito, which is said to have existed for two centuries, and which we are charged with "denying," we neither denied nor affirmed it. It had attracted little or no attention in this country. Those who thought anything about it probably thought it one of the shams of politics, shadowy in itself, though capable of being turned when necessary to substantial account. It consisted in maintaining the dependence on the British Government of a half Indian half negro chief, who styled himself the king of that region. Lord Palmerston, in a conference with Mr. Rives in 1849, said, "From a very early period the Mosquito Indians had been treated by the British Government as a separate and an independent State. They had what was called a king, who by the by," he added, (says Mr. Rives) in a tone of pleasantry, "was as much a king as you or I."

It is only necessary to add that Spain, the mother country of Central America, always "denied" this protectorate, as Nicaragua did after she asserted her independence. This whole subject was discussed with great ability by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, while Minister to England, in a memoir contained among the documents of the Senate for the Second Session of the Thirty-second Congress. The great object of jealousy on the part of Nicaragua was the port of San Juan, to which, however, the neighboring State of Costa Rica also set up a claim. After a long dispute with Great Britain, Nicaragua took military possession of the place, from which she was summarily ejected by England in 1848. No sooner was this done than the fine old Spanish name of *San Juan del Norte* was, in the worst possible taste, changed to *Greytown*, in honor to the British Colonial Minister of the day.

The acquisition of California, and the prodigious emigration from the United States to that region, caused by the discovery of the gold *placers*, created an urgent demand for facilities of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Attention was at first turned to Central America, and it being supposed that the most hopeful route lay through that region, a company was formed for the purpose of constructing a ship canal by the route of the river San Juan and the Lake Nicaragua. The conflicting pretensions of England, Nicaragua and Costa Rica to the port at the mouth of the river and to a portion of its right bank made it difficult to obtain an unembarrassed concession of the right of way for the canal. The United States took not the slightest territorial interest in the question, and desired nothing but that the canal should be subject to one uncontested jurisdiction. To effect this object, the Clayton Bulwer Convention of 4th July, 1850, was negotiated.

By this Convention it was stipulated by Great Britain and the United States, that neither of the two governments should ever obtain or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship canal, "agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof; or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection, which either affords, or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting any such fortifications."

This provision by its generality left the character of the Mosquito protectorate in rather an obscure condition, but that was a matter in which the United States took no interest.

Five days after the ratifications of this convention were exchanged, General Taylor died (9th July, 1850), and was succeeded by Mr. Fillmore as President. The convention provided that the two contracting parties should use their influence with "any states or governments possessing or claiming to possess any jurisdiction or right over the territory which the said canal shall traverse or which shall be near the waters applicable thereto, in order to induce them to facilitate the construction of said canal, by every means in their power." In fulfilment of this stipulation, Mr. Webster, the new Secretary of State, and Mr. Crampton, who succeeded Sir Henry Bulwer, addressed themselves to the task of mediating between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The British Minister and the American Secretary found no difficulty in agreeing upon a basis of settlement to be recommended to the contestant parties, and the Costa Rica Minister was also reasonably disposed. The Minister from Nicaragua (a Spanish Carlist, who had never set foot in Central America, but who had contrived to obtain the appointment of Nicaraguan chargé d'affaires to the United States and some of the European governments) was impracticable. In April, 1852, Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton agreed on certain terms of adjustment, which should be sent to Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and proposed for the consideration and adoption of their respective governments. They were accepted by Costa Rica, but through the influence of the Nicaraguan chargé at Washington (who was believed to have obtained a copy of them surreptitiously from the department of State, and for that cause was dismissed by President Fillmore), they were rejected by Nicaragua.

Such was the state of things when, on the death of Mr. Webster, I came into the department of State in the last months of Mr. Fillmore's administration. In the course of the winter, Lord Russell directed Mr. Crampton to make known to me, the wish of the British government to take efficient measures, in concert with the United States, for a final adjustment of the Central American question. It was intimated that circumstances had so far changed in the lapse of time, that Great Britain had no longer any interest in Mosquito but such as she derived from an honorable regard to her old connexion with the Mosquito Indians; that she had long wished to disembarrass herself of the protectorate; but that all her efforts to do so had hitherto failed in consequence of the contentions of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica; the want of an efficient government with which a permanent arrangement could be made; and other causes.

San Juan, at this time, bearing the English name of Greytown, and nominally in the Mosquito territory, was governed by a Municipal Council elected by the inhabitants, and of this Council the members were all Americans from the United States. As a protection against Nicaragua, they carried on the government in the name of the King of Mosquito.

The views of the British Government at this time with respect to Central America, are set forth pretty fully in a report made by me to President Fillmore on the 16th February, 1853, and by him communicated to the Senate of the United States, and the entire subject of our Central American relations down to the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration was discussed at length in that body, at the extra session in March following. I may confidently refer to these documents, as showing that up to that time the two governments had acted in harmony, and that the charge of "bullying and grasping," on the part of the United States is utterly destitute of foundation. Mr. Fillmore, just going out of office, was unable, of course, to take any effectual action, with reference to the new proposals of England, which were, in substance, to make San Juan a free port; but he recommended Congress, at my suggestion, to establish a full mission, to be accredited to the five Central American Republics, to be filled by some person of great respectability and influence. Congress made the appropriation for the full mission; but the choice of the person nominated by President Pierce to fill it (Mr. Solon Borland) proved to be singularly unfortunate.

As has been already stated, by the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, the precise nature of the Mosquito protectorate was left in some obscurity, but no controversy on the subject arose between Mr. Fillmore's administration and the English government. The seeds, however, of dispute were sown about this time, by the formal organization of a Colonial government in the British settlements at Belize in Honduras and in the Bay Islands, one of which, Ruatan, is a position of as much importance to the commerce of the Carribean sea, as Gibraltar is to the commerce of the Mediterranean. If Belize and these Islands (which are within sight of Honduras, and claimed by that Republic) belong to Central America, then certainly it was in direct violation of the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention to form them into colonies. But Great Britain maintained that these islands had always been regarded as a dependency of their settlements at Belize. The circumstances of the case as understood by me are set forth in a speech in the debate above referred to, and there is no room for them here. I did not think then, and do not now, that Great Britain intended to violate the Clayton-Bulwer convention, but I thought, and so said, that the organization of a regular Colonial government at Belize, and still more at the Bay Islands, was, under the circumstances of the case, an ill-advised step, hastily taken by the foreign office, at the instance probably of superserviceable agents abroad, and which would no doubt be retracted on better information and due reflection, by the home government. This was eventually done, but after some years of uncomfortable discussion between the British government on the one hand, and the United States and Honduras, whose right to the Islands has finally been recognized by England, on the other.

The organization of these colonial governments was denounced by certain members of Congress and their friends throughout the United States, as a violation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. The Committee of Foreign relations of the Senate, by their chairman, Hon. James M. Mason, took this ground unconditionally, as far as the Bay Islands are concerned. With reference to a colony at Belize, Mr. Mason reported, that, if the British settlements there were not included in Central America, their organization into a colony was not indeed a direct violation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, "yet that any colonies or other permanent establishments there by Great Britain or any European power must necessarily excite the most anxious concern of this government, and would, if persisted in, lead to consequences of the most unpleasant character." In a speech on the same subject in the Senate on the 15th of March following, the same distinguished gentleman, after a glowing enumeration of the territorial acquisitions of England in the Eastern Hemisphere, closes with the following tolerably significant remark:

> "If other nations permit her to seize and retain such strongholds in the Eastern Hemisphere, be it so; but upon this continent she has gone as far as she can go, consistently with the safety and interest of this country. Now, sir, I am prepared to make no charge; I am uninformed upon the subject. We are told that these British settlers at the Belize are constantly trespassing upon Central America; and they have endeavored more than once to seize the Bay islands and to colonize them. Intelligence in the public journals of this very day tells us of some new aggression committed in Honduras by the British authorities there. Still they are in report and rumor only. I make, therefore, no charge of bad faith or violation of the treaty, because I have no information to justify me in making such a charge. But, sir, just as certain as the seasons return and the earth revolves in its orbit, this continent, so far as it interests the welfare and safety of the United States, must be freed from the aggressions of England."

Our friends on the other side of the water may gather from this remark who and what party it was that brandished the Monroe doctrine in the face of England, with reference to Central America—a subject to which I may hereafter recur. I will only allude here to the atrocious spirit of misrepresentation, which animates the writer in the Quarterly Review. After saying that the Monroe doctrine applies to all the Continent of America south of the frontier of Canada, he adds, "Indeed we are not sure that it even excludes Canada." Could he be ignorant that in announcing what has been called his doctrine, in his message of second December, 1823, President Monroe expressly says, "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere."

I will add but two remarks at present, on the subject of this much-maligned Monroe doctrine. First, that when the ground on which it rests was originally assumed by President Monroe's administration, it was, as far as it bore upon the affairs of Spanish America, with the concurrence and warm approval of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. George Canning.* He regarded it as a very important step, in furtherance of the policy then deemed of vital importance to England, viz.: that of counteracting the design entertained by Spain, backed by the Holy Alliance of recolonizing the Spanish American States. Secondly, that when Louis Napoleon has established a few more empires on the American continent, England will perhaps again view the Monroe doctrine with Mr. Canning's favorable eye. She may then also regret the countenance she has extended to the Calhoun doctrine of Secession, which, by paralyzing the government of the United States, has enabled imperial France to commence the execution of the most high-handed measures of the Holy Alliance.

BUT THE END IS NOT YET.

Boston, 3d August, 1863.

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* The reason why England objected to the recolonization paragraph in President Monroe's message of December, 1823, was, that it referred avowedly to our discussions with Russia as to the claims of the two governments on the North-West coast of America, where England also had unadjusted claims, and where she maintained that a portion of the territory was still unappropriated and open to colonization. See Rush's Residence at the Court of London, Vol. II., pp. 70, 71, English edition.

OUR VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

The discharged veterans of the Army of the Potomac who, after two years of faithful service, have returned to the pursuits of civil life, present a spectacle of which Old Rome in her proudest days might well have been proud. We never meet one of these bronzed warriors in the street without feeling inclined to grasp his brown right hand and congratulate him. Wives may well honor such husbands, sisters admire such brothers, mothers point triumphantly to such sons. They remind us of Vernet's pictures, and Lever's descriptions of the war-worn heroes of the "Old Guard." Their storm-frayed, battle-stained uniforms put to shame the purple and fine linen of Broadway. Few of us have any idea of what these men have endured. Some of them have been in as many as fifteen pitched battles, besides skirmishes innumerable. Such forced marches as many of them have performed were never paralleled in military history. Up to the hips in mud and water, with the rays of an almost vertical sun beating down upon their heads, they have accomplished such miracles of locomotion that if the literal truth were told, the silk-stocking world at home would pronounce it incredible. Nay, these case-hardened heroes, themselves, would have refused to believe the counterpart of their own stories eighteen months ago. Night after night, for many a weary week, have they dropped, at the conclusion of the day's march, on the water-soaked earth, and slept without cover under the drenching rain until the lurid morn broke on the starless midnight. Then up and away with the first gleam. For thirty nights in succession some of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac lay on their arms, blanketless, on the wet ground. Their fare during these terrible marches was on a par with their sleeping accommodations. No coffee, no meat—nothing but hard tack and water, and occasionally *water only*. During Lee's late invasion some of our troops were entirely without food for two days; and but for the blackberries, with which Heaven, more provident than military purveyors, had covered the soil, they must have utterly succumbed. And let it be remembered that no small proportion of these men had never known hardship before they enlisted in their country's service. Of course hundreds fell by the wayside. The survivors, who have come back to us, are the salamanders, the amphibii, the water-proof, sun-proof, hunger-and-thirst proof champions, at whom War and Tempest and the fiery Heavens launched their shafts in vain. Can we honor them too much? Is there a courtly drawing-room in the city that their presence would not *grace?* Let them preserve their ragged and discolored uniforms and transmit them as precious heir-looms to their children. The descendants of our Revolutionary soldiers are justly proud of their ancestry, and the sons of our patriotic veterans of the present day will have no less reason to boast of their indomitable sires.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 26.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CONSTANTIUS AND MAXENTIUS.

It will be remembered that the Emperor Constantine, at his death, divided the empire of the Roman world among his three sons. Constantine, the eldest, took Constantinople for his capital and the surrounding provinces generally for his realm. The second son, Constantius, was invested with the sceptre of Thrace and the extended undefined regions of the East. The youngest son, Constans, was appointed sovereign of Italy, Africa and western Illyricum. Thus by the folly of the hereditary descent of power the government of the world was placed in the hands of three mere boys, and very bad boys at that. Their several ages were twenty-one, twenty, and seventeen years. Constantine immediately marched perfidiously with his army to kill Constans and seize his realm. He was killed himself, and the boy of seventeen, by the aid of able generals, annihilated the army of Constantine and annexed his whole empire to his own. Magnentius, one of these generals, then formed a conspiracy against Constans, secured his death, and grasped in his hand the coveted empire of more than half the world. This Magnentius was of barbarian extraction. By the bribe of plundered provinces he secured the support of his soldiers, and his usurpation was assented to by all the humiliated, helpless, downtrodden people of central and western Europe.

Constantius, far away in the East, heard the tidings of these revolutions. Inflamed with rage against Magnentius, he left his lieutenants to conduct the war against the Persians, and hastened to the West to hurl a new army against the murderer of his brother. On his arrival at Heraclea, in Thrace, he met an ambassador from Magnentius, who offered him friendship and alliance to be cemented by the union of a double marriage. Magnentius demanded for his bride the cruel and haughty Constantina, sister of Constantius. And he offered his own beautiful daughter to the Eastern emperor in return. Constantius deferred his answer until the next day He then replied:

> "Last night, after I retired to rest, the shade of the great Constantine, embracing the corpse of my murdered brother, rose before my eyes. His well-known voice awakened me to revenge, forbade me to despair of the republic, and assured me of the success and immortal glory which would crown the justice of my arms."

With this haughty answer the ignominious terms of peace were rejected. One of the ambassadors was dismissed to convey the defiance to his master. The others were put in irons. Both parties prepared for war. One of the generals of Magnentius, who had assumed the character of an independent sovereign, with a very large army, approached the city of Sardica. Constantius hoped to detach him from his alliance with Magnentius, and proposed a conference. One of the most singular spectacles of war ensued. The two armies met, in apparent friendship, on a large plain. In the centre a platform was erected. All the troops gathered around, American fashion, to hear speeches from the two emperors. The serried ranks of Romans and barbarians from all the provinces of the world, with gleaming swords and bristling spears, with banners and squadrons of horsemen and cohorts of infantry, each band distinguished by its arms, uniform and ensigns, formed an immense and dense circle around the tribunal.

Constantius first ascended the platform, and explained to the soldiers, of both armies, his idea of the posture of affairs, and the corresponding duty of Roman citizens and soldiers. Though by no means a skilful rhetorician, he understood all the arts of the demagogue, and made hits which brought shouts of applause from more than one hundred thousand stentorian throats. He tried the effect of a little pathos in depicting and deploring the death of his young brother. These tiger soldiers were not easily moved in that line. But when he appealed to the passion of revenge, and waved his sword, and vowed, by all the gods, that a brother's arm should avenge the death of a slaughtered brother, a wave of enthusiasm surged through the crowd. As in modern theatres, there were thousands employed, by previous agreement, to clap and applaud. The imperial address was pronounced superior to anything which Demosthenes or Cicero had ever uttered. The contagion of loyal enthusiasm spread from rank to rank till the plain of Sardica resounded with one simultaneous cry:

"Away with these upstart usurpers! Long life and victory to the son of Constantine! Under his banners alone we will fight and conquer!"

The shout of these thousands, the thunder roar of their clashing arms—every shield a gong—and their menacing gestures so astonished and appalled Vetranio, that he saw, at once, that it was of no use for him to attempt to resist the popular tide. Tamely he submitted to his fate. Taking the diadem from his head, he laid it at the feet of Constantius, and fell prostrate in homage before him. Vetranio was a grey-haired old man. Constantius, who, on this occasion, proved himself an adroit political manager, took him by the hand, addressed him by the endearing name of Father, and having thus swept all his cohorts into his own ranks, assigned the city of Prusa as the retreat of Vetranio, where he lived in affluence for the remainder of his days. The old man found a home of wealth and freedom from care far more agreeable than the anxieties of empire. In his simplicity he expressed the strongest gratitude to Constantius, as his benefactor, and entreated him to resign the sceptre of the world, and seek happiness, where alone it could be found, in the repose of domestic life.

And now Constantius was prepared for fierce fight with Magnentius. The usurper, infuriated by the peril with which he was menaced, advanced with a numerous army, composed of Gauls and Spaniards, of Franks and Saxons. The two armies, equal in numbers, in ferocity and in the ability of their generals, met on the fertile and extended plains between the Drave, the Save and the Danube. The fertility of the soil was such, that a loaded wagon was concealed from sight by the height of the grass. All the summer long the civil war raged on this spacious theatre, where neither party could obtain any essential advantage of position. After innumerable marches and countermarches, and bloody assaults of outposts, both generals seeming to avoid a decisive action, the troops of Constantius became dispirited, and he consented to the ignominy of proposing terms of peace. Magnentius returned the insulting reply, that if Constantius would instantly abdicate the purple he would pardon him.

This stung the usurping emperor to the quick. He resolved to fight, and with desperation. Near the city of Mursa, on the Drave, there was a wide, naked plain. Here the hostile armies met for a conflict which could not but prove decisive. Constantius formed his right on the Drave, while his left extended far beyond the right flank of Magnentius. For many hours the troops faced each other, as though unwilling to engage in the murderous strife. Constantius then addressed his troops in an earnest speech, and ingloriously retired to the tower of a church, to watch the progress of the battle. The imperial troops commenced the battle on the left, and advancing their whole wing of cavalry, wheeled it on the right flank of the enemy. The engagement soon became general, and Eastern valor and Western valor were pitted against each other. As the sun went down over that bloody plain, Constantius was the undisputed conqueror. His cuirassiers stood every shock like massive statues of steel. And when they charged, glittering in their scaly armor, and with their long and burnished lances, no Gallic legions could stand before them. Many of the troops of Magnentius were barbarians from beyond the Danube. Utterly routed and in despair they plunged into the rapid waters of the Drave. Fifty-four thousand of the insurgent troops perished in this conflict and a still greater number of the victorious party were slain. The slaughter on both sides was so immense that it has been said that the forces of the empire were consumed in the battle of Mursa. Magnentius, with a few followers, fled from the fatal field to the fastnesses of the Julian Alps. Here through the winter he recruited his wasted army. The Italian cities raised the banner of Constantius on their walls. Magnentius, in despair, sued in vain for peace. To avoid the doom of a cruel and ignominious death, which surely awaited him, he fell upon his own sword. Constantius was a merciless tyrant, and he punished with inexorable severity all who had been implicated in the career of Magnentius. Thus the divided provinces of the empire were again united, and Constantius, without a rival, looked down haughtily upon a subjugated world.

A CHAPTER FOR PARENTS.

There is one great defect in the present system of family education. Not that there is only one; but we wish to call attention at present to the practice of obliging the *girls* of a family, in almost every instance in which self-denial is involved, to give way to the boys. "Remember he is your brother," is the appeal to tender little hearts, which, though often swelling under a sense of injustice, naturally give way under this argument. This might be all very well, were the boys also taught reciprocity in this matter, but as this unfortunately is not often the case, a monstrous little tyrant is produced whose overbearing exactions and hourly selfishnesses are disgusting to witness. As years roll on, Augustus's handkerchiefs are hemmed at half a wink from his lordship that he wishes it done, and his breakfast kept hot for him, though he change his breakfast hour as often as the disgusted cook leaves her place; while his sister's faintest intimation of a desire for his escort of an evening is met with a yawn, and an allusion to "the fellows" who are always "expecting him." It is easy to see what delightful ideas of reciprocity in mutual good offices Augustus will carry into the conjugal state, if he ever marries. His bride soon finds this out to her dismay, and half a dozen babies, and her wakeful nights and careworn days, are no excuse for not always placing his clean linen on a chair by his bed when needed, "to save him the trouble of opening his bureau drawers." "Before he was married" his handkerchiefs were always laid in a pile in the north-east corner of his drawer, duly perfumed, and with the exquisite word "*Augustus*" embroidered in the corner.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he was always consulted about the number of plums in his favorite pudding.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he was never bothered to wait upon a woman out of an evening unless he chose.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he had his breakfast any time between seven in the morning and three in the afternoon.—And *now!*

And so the poor weary woman hears the changes rung upon the newly-discovered virtues and perfections of his family, till she heartily wishes he had never left them. It never once occurs meanwhile to this domestic Nero to look at the *other* side of the question. How should it? when all his life at home was one ovation to his vanity and selfishness. "He could never bear contradiction! dear Augustus couldn't;" so he must never be contradicted. His friends must either agree with him or be silent, "because a contrary course always vexed him." Now we beg all mothers, who are thus educating domestic tyrants in their nurseries, to have some regard for the wife of his future, waiting for him somewhere, all unconscious, poor thing! of her fate; even if they have none on his sisters and themselves.

The most interesting story we ever read, was one which did *not* end, as usual, with the marriage of the children of the family, but followed them into homes of their own, where the results of affectionate and at the same time *judicious* home-training manifested themselves in their beautiful, unselfish lives. It would do no harm, if mothers would sometimes ask themselves, when looking at their boys, what sort of *husband* am I educating for somebody? It is very common to think what sort of *wife* a *daughter* may make. Surely the former question, although so seldom occurring, is no less important. Fanny Fern.

A DOG-DAY ARTICLE.

The considerate reader is requested to note that this article is written under a pressure of 89° of Fahrenheit, and should, therefore, be looked upon as a hot-house production not amenable to cold criticism. Willingly would we discuss some highly instructive subject in a style that should make the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge envious; but the prehensile faculties of our brain are so weakened by undue evaporation, that we find it impossible to grasp any weighty theme. The wisdom that we desire to evolve in ink, unlike the animal fluids that are rushing from our every pore, refuses to run. Thus circumstanced, permit us to touch briefly on the tropical topic which a cloudless sun and a zephyrless atmosphere force upon our attention. Chemically speaking all flesh is at the point of dissolution. Even lean men are dripping. The canary in yonder cage has just taken a saucer bath to calm his throbbing pulses, and the goldfish, if they could speak, would ask for ice-water. The sun is believed by some astronomers to be volcanic—if so all its craters are at present in full play. Cool drinks are in request. But what's the use? The waves of fluid that pass down your throat are immediately determined in spray to the surface. It is a day to envy living skeletons. Oh! that our dearest friend would give us the cold shoulder. Even from the ice pitcher, a thing of callous metal, breaks out a sweat of agony. Throw up the sash! Give us air! Whew! a whiff from Sahara—a fan-blast from the wing of a Sirocco—a puff from the panting lungs of a Simoom. Turn the thermometer face to the wall, for it seems to us that the quicksilver palpitates. How happy a man with the ague must be on such a day as this. Spontaneous combustion may be a myth, but it *is* possible to exhale in vapor. Reader, did *you* ever try to write for the press when in a state of ooze. If so, what were your dissolving views? Perhaps the weather may be cooler before this paragraph passes into print. If so, consider it an equatorial lucubration telegraphed to the temperate zone. It is written loosely; but who can *condense* when his fluids are all going off in steam.

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—The number of horses used up by the war thus far is estimated to be as follows:

Killed in battle	4,000
Used up by fatigue and starvation	65,000
Killed and eaten by the rebels	1,000
Total	70,000

This strikes us as being rather a high figure; but still it may be *under* the mark, after all, rather than over it, as war is a terrible waster of animal as well as of human life.

TIME AND LOVE:
AN ALLEGORY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Old TIME and young LOVE, on a morning in May,
Chanced to meet by a river in halcyon weather,
And agreeing, for once, ('tis a fable, you'll say)
In the same little boat made a voyage together.

Strong, steady and patient, TIME pulled at his oar,
And swift o'er the water the voyagers go;
But LOVE—who was thinking of Pleasure on shore—
Complained that his boatman was wretchedly slow.

But TIME, the old sailor, expert at his trade,
And knowing the leagues that remained to be done,
Content with the regular speed that he made,
Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

LOVE, always impatient of doubt or delay,
Now sighed for the aid of the favoring gales,
And scolded at TIME, in the sauciest way,
For not having furnished the shallop with sails.

But TIME, as serene as a calendar saint,
(Whatever the graybeard was thinking upon)
All-deaf to the voice of the younker's complaint,
Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

LOVE, vexed at the heart, only clamored the more,
And cried, "By the gods! in what country or clime
Was ever a lubber who handled an oar,
In so lazy a fashion as old Father TIME!"

But TIME only smiled in a cynical way,
('Tis often the mode with your elderly Don)
As one who knows more than he cares to display,—
And still at his oar pulled steadily on.

Grown calmer, at last, the exuberant boy
Enlivens the minutes with snatches of rhyme;
The voyage, at length, he begins to enjoy,
And soon has forgotten the presence of TIME!

But TIME, the severe, egotistical elf,
Since the day that his travels he entered upon,
Has ne'er for a moment forgotten himself,
But tugs at his oar and keeps steadily on.

Awaking, once more, LOVE sees with a sigh
That the River of Life will be presently passed,
And now he breaks forth with a piteous cry,
"O TIME, gentle Time! you are rowing too fast!"

But TIME, well-knowing that LOVE will be dead,
Dead—dead! in the boat!—ere the voyage is done,
Only gives him an ominous shake of the head,
While he tugs at his oar and keeps steadily on!

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.
THE VISCOUNT VINCENT.

A king may make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his migh
Gude faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.
ROBERT BURNS.

The next morning, Ishmael and Bee, the only real hard workers in the family, were the first to make their appearance in the breakfast-room. They had both been up for hours—Ishmael in the library, answering letters, and Bee in the nursery, seeing that the young children were properly washed, dressed and fed. And now, at the usual hour, they came down, a little hungry, and impatient for the morning meal. But for some time no one joined them. All seemed to be sleeping off the night's dissipation. Bee waited nearly an hour, and then said:

"Ishmael, I will not detain you longer. I know that you wish to get to the court house, to watch the Emerson trial; so I will ring for breakfast. Industrious people must not be hindered by the tardiness of lazy ones," she added, with a smile, as she put her hand to the bell-cord.

Ishmael was about to protest against the breakfast being hurried on his account, when the matter was settled by the entrance of Judge Merlin, followed by Mr. Middleton and Claudia. After the morning salutations had passed, the judge said:

"You may ring for breakfast, Claudia, my dear. We will not wait for your aunt, since your uncle tells us that she is too tired to rise this morning."

But as Bee had already rung, the coffee and muffins soon made their appearance, and the family gathered around the table.

Beside Claudia's plate lay a weekly paper, which, as soon as she had helped her companions to coffee, she took up to read. It was a lively, gossipping little paper of that day, published every Saturday morning, under the somewhat sounding title of "The Republican Court Journal," and it gave in addition to the news of the world, the doings of the fashionable circles. This number of the paper contained a long description of the President's drawing-room of the preceding evening. And as Claudia read it, she smiled and broke in silvery laughter.

Every one looked up.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired the judge.

"Let us have it, Claudia," said Mr. Middleton.

"Oh, papa! oh, uncle! I really cannot read it out—it is too absurd! Is there no way, I wonder, of stopping these reporters from giving their auction block schedule of one's height, figure, complexion, and all that? Here, Bee—you read it, my dear," said Claudia, handing it to her cousin.

Bee took the paper and cast her eyes over the article in question; but as she did so, her cheek crimsoned with blushes, and she laid the paper down.

"Read it, Bee," said Claudia.

"I cannot," answered Beatrice, coldly.

"Why not?"

"It makes my eyes burn even to see it! Oh, Claudia! how dare they take such liberties with your name?"

"Why, every word of it is praise—high praise."

"It is fulsome, offensive flattery."

"Oh, you jealous little imp!" said Miss Merlin, laughing.

"Yes, Claudia; I *am* jealous! not *of* you; but *for* you—for your delicacy and dignity," said Beatrice, gravely.

"And you think, then, I have been wronged by this public notice?" inquired the heiress, half wounded and half offended by the words of her cousin.

"I do," answered Beatrice, gravely.

"As if I cared! Queens of society, like other sovereigns, must be so taxed for their popularity, Miss Middleton!" said Claudia, half laughingly and half defiantly.

Bee made no reply.

But Mr. Middleton extended his hand, saying:

"Give me the paper. Claudia is a little too independent, and Bee a little too fastidious, for either to be a fair judge of what is right and proper in this matter; so we will see for ourselves, Judge."

Judge Merlin nodded assent.

Mr. Middleton read the article aloud. It was really a very lively description of the President's evening reception—interesting to those who had not been present; more interesting to those who had; and most interesting of all to those who found themselves favorably noticed. To the last-mentioned the notice was fame—for a day! The article was two or three columns in length; but we will quote only a few lines. One paragraph said:

> "Among the distinguished guests present was the young Viscount Vincent, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Hurstmonceaux and Banff. He was presented by the British Minister."

Another paragraph alluded to Claudia in these terms:

> "The belle of the evening, beyond all competition, was the beautiful Miss M—n, only daughter and heiress of Judge M—n, of the Supreme Court. It will be remembered that the blood of Pocahontas runs in this young beauty's veins, giving lustre to her raven black hair, light to her dusky eyes, fire to her brown cheeks, and majesty and grace to all her movements. She is truly an Indian Princess."

"Well!" said Mr. Middleton, laying down the paper, "I agree with Bee! It is really too bad to be trotted out in this way, and have all your points indicated, and then be dubbed with a fancy name besides! Why, Miss Merlin, they will call you the 'Indian Princess' to the end of time, or of your Washington campaign!"

Claudia tossed her head.

"What odds?" she asked. "I am rather proud to be of the royal lineage of Powhatan! They may call me Indian Princess, if they like! I will accept the title!"

"Until you get a more legitimate one!" laughed Mr. Middleton.

"Until I get a more legitimate one," assented Claudia.

"But I will see McQuill, the reporter of the 'Journal,' and ask him as a particular favor to leave my daughter's name out of his next balloon full of gas!" laughed the judge, as he arose from the table.

The other members of the family followed. And each went about his or her own particular business. This day being the next following the first appearance of Miss Merlin in society, was passed quietly in the family.

The next day, being Sunday, they all attended church.

But on Monday a continual stream of visitors arrived, and a great number of cards were left at Judge Merlin's door.

In the course of the week Claudia returned all these calls, and thus she was fairly launched into fashionable life.

She received numerous invitations to dinners, evening parties and balls; but all these she civilly excused herself from attending; for it was her whim to give a large party before going to any. To this end, she forced her Aunt Middleton to issue cards and make preparations on a grand scale for a very magnificent ball.

"It must eclipse everything else that has been done, or can be done, this season!" said Claudia.

"Humph!" answered Mrs. Middledon.

"We must have Dureezie's celebrated band for the music, you know!"

"My dear, he charges a thousand dollars a night, to leave New York and play for any one!"

"Well? what if it were two thousand—ten thousand? I will have him! Tell Ishmael to write to him at once!"

"Very well, my dear! You are spending your own money, remember!"

"Who cares? I will be the only one who engages Dureezie's famous music! And, Aunt Middleton?"

"Well, my dear?"

"Vourienne must decorate the rooms!"

"My dear, his charges are enormous!"

"So is my fortune, Aunt Middleton!" laughed Claudia.

"Very well," sighed the lady.

"And—Aunt?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Devizac must supply the supper."

"Claudia, you are mad! Everything that man touches turns to gold—for his own pocket!"

Claudia shrugged her shoulders.

"Aunt, what do I care for all that? I can afford it! As long as he can hold out to charge, I can hold out to pay! I mean to enjoy my fortune, and live while I live!"

"Ah, my dear! wealth was given for other purposes than the enjoyment of its possessor!" sighed Mrs. Middleton.

"I know it, Aunty! It was given for the advancement of its possessor! I have another object besides enjoyment in view! I say, Aunty!"

"Well, my child?"

"We must be very careful whom we have here!"

"Of course, my dear."

"We must have the best people."

"Certainly."

"We must invite the diplomatique corps."

"By all means."

"And—all foreigners of distinction, who may be present in the city."

"Yes, my love."

"We must not forget to invite——"

"Who, my dear?"

"Lord Vincent."

"Humph! Has he called here?"

"He left his card a week ago."

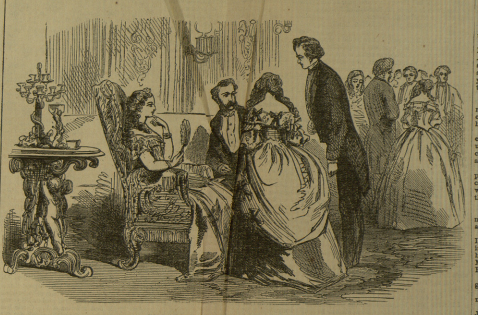
The day succeeding this conversation, the cards of invitation to the Merlin ball were issued.

And in ten days the ball came off.

It was—as Miss Merlin had resolved it should be—the most splendid affair of the kind that has ever been seen in Washington before, or since. It cost a small fortune, of course, but it was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Even to this day it is remembered as the great ball. As Claudia had determined, Vourienne superintended the decorations of the reception, dancing and supper rooms; Levizac furnished the refreshment; and Dureezie the music. The élite of the city were present. The guests began to assemble at ten o'clock, and by eleven the rooms were crowded.

Among the guests was he for whom all this pageantry had been got up—the Viscount Vincent.

With excellent taste, Claudia had on this occasion avoided display in her own personal appointments. She wore a snow-white, mist-like tulle over white glacé silk, that floated cloud-like around her with every movement of her graceful form. She wore no jewelry, but upon her head a simple withe of the cyprus vine, whose small green leaves and tiny crimson buds contrasted well with her raven black hair. Yet never in all the splendor of her richest dress and rarest jewels had she looked more beautiful. The same good taste that governed her unassuming toilet, withheld her from taking any prominent part in the festivities of the evening. She was courteous to all, solicitous for the comfort of her guests, yet not too officious. As if only to do honor to the most distinguished stranger present, she danced with the Viscount Vincent *once*; and after that declined all invitations to the floor. Nor did Lord Vincent dance again. He seemed to prefer to devote himself to his lovely young hostess for the evening. The viscount was the lion of the party, and his exclusive attention to the heiress could not escape observation. Every one noticed and commented upon it. Nor was Claudia insensible to the honor of being the object of this exclusive devotion from his lordship. She was pleased and flattered, and whenever Claudia was in this state of mind her beauty became perfectly radiant.



LORD VINCENT AND CLAUDIA, AND ISHMAEL AND BEE.

Among those who watched the incipient flirtation commencing between the viscount and the heiress was Beatrice Middleton. She had come late. She had had all the children to see properly fed and put to bed before she could begin to dress herself. And one restless little brother had kept her by his crib singing songs and telling stories until ten o'clock before he finally dropped off to sleep, and left her at liberty to go to her room and dress herself for the ball. Her dress was simplicity itself—a plain white tarleton with white ribbons; but it well became the angelic purity of her type of beauty. *Her golden ringlets and sapphire eyes were the only jewels she wore, the roses on her cheeks the only flowers.* When she entered the dancing-room she saw four quadrilles in active progress on the floor; and about four hundred spectators crowded along the walls, some sitting, some standing, some reclining, and some grouped. She passed on, greeting courteously those with whom she had a speaking acquaintance, smiling kindly upon others, and observing all. In this way she reached the group of which Claudia Merlin and Lord Vincent formed the centre. A cursory glance showed her that one for whom she looked was not among them. With a bow and a smile to the group she turned away and went up to where Judge Merlin stood for the moment alone.

"Uncle," she said, in a tone slightly reproachful, "is not Ishmael to be with us this evening?"

"My dear, I invited him to join us, but he excused himself."

"Of course, naturally he would do so at first, thinking doubtless that you asked him as a mere matter of form. Uncle, considering his position, you ought to have pressed him to come. You ought not to have permitted him to excuse himself, if you really were in earnest with your invitation. *Were* you in earnest, sir?"

"Why of course I was, my dear! Why shouldn't I have been—I should have been really glad to see the young man here enjoying himself this evening."

"Have I your authority for saying so much to Ishmael, even now, uncle?" inquired Bee, eagerly.

"Certainly, my love! Go and oust him from his den. Bring him down here, if you like, and if you can," said the judge cheerily.

Bee left him, glided like a spirit through the crowd, passed from the room and went up stairs, flight after flight, until she reached the third floor, and rapped at the door of Ishmael's "den."

"Come in," said the rich deep, sweet voice—always sweet in its tones, whether addressing man, woman or child—human being or dumb brute—"Come in."

Bee entered the little chamber, so dark after the lighted rooms below.

In the recess of the dormer window, at a small table lighted by one candle, sat Ishmael, bending over an open volume. His cheek was pale, his expression weary. He looked up, and recognizing Bee, arose with a smile to meet her.

"How dark you are up here all alone, Ishmael," she said, coming forward.

Ishmael snuffed his candle, trimmed the wick, and sat it up on his pile of books that it might give a better light, and then turned again smilingly towards Bee, offered her a chair and stood as if waiting her commands.

"What are you doing up here alone, Ishmael?" she inquired, with her hand upon the back of the chair that she omitted to take.

"I am studying 'Kent's Commentaries,'" answered the young man.

"I wish you would study your health a little more, Ishmael! Why are you not down with us?"

"My dear Bee, I am better here."

"Nonsense, Ishmael! You are too much! You confine yourself too closely to study! You should remember that old proverb—(proverbs are the wisdom of nations, you know)—the old proverb which says: 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' Come!"

"My dear friend, Bee, you must excuse me."

"But I will not."

"Bee——"

"I insist upon your coming, Ishmael!"

"Bee, do not. I should be the wrong man in the wrong place!"

"Now, why do you say that?"

"Because I have no business in a ball-room, Bee."

"You have as much business there as any one else!"

"What should I do there, Bee?"

"Dance! waltz! polka! At our school balls you were one of the best dancers we had, I recollect. Now, with your memory and your ear for music, you would do as well as then."

"But who would dance with me in Washington, dear Bee? I am a total stranger to every one out of this family. And I have no right to ask an introduction to any of the belles," said Ishmael.

"*I* will dance with you, Ishmael, to begin with, if you will accept me as a partner. And I do not think you will venture to refuse your little adopted sister and old playmate! Come, Ishmael."

"Dearest little sister, do you know that I declined Judge Merlin's invitation?"

"Yes, he told me so, and sent me here to say to you that he will not excuse you, that he insists upon your coming. Come, Ishmael!"

"Dear Bee, you constrain me! I will come! Yes, and I confess I am *glad* to be 'constrained.' Sometimes, dear, we require to be compelled to do as we like; or, in other words, our consciences require just excuses for yielding certain points to our inclinations. I have been secretly wishing to be with you all the evening. The distant sound of the music has been alluring me very persuasively. (That is a magnificent band of Dureezie's, by the way). I have been longing to join the festivities. And I am glad, my little liege lady, that you lay your royal commands on me to do so."

"That is right, Ishmael! I must say that you yield gracefully! Well, I will leave you now to prepare your toilet. And—Ishmael?"

"Yes, Bee?"

"Ring for more light! You will never be able to render yourself irresistible with the aid of a single candle on one side of your glass," said Bee, as she made her laughing exit.

Ishmael followed her advice in every particular, and soon made himself ready to appear in the ball. When just about to leave the room he thought of his gloves, and doubted whether he had a pair for drawing-room use. Then suddenly he recollected Bee's Christmas present that he had laid away as something too sacred for use. He went and took from the parcel the straw-colored kid gloves she had given him, and drew them on as he descended the stairs, whispering to himself:

"Even for these I am indebted to her—may Heaven bless her!"

CHAPTER LIV.
ISHMAEL AT THE BALL.

Yes! welcome, right welcome—and give us your hand,—
You shall not stand "out in the cold!"
If new friends are true friends, I can't understand
Why hearts should hold out, till they're old;
Then come with all welcome and fear not to fling
Reserve to the winds and the waves
For thou never canst live, the cold-blooded thing
Society makes of its slaves.
M. F. TUPPER.

A very handsome young fellow was Ishmael Worth as he entered the drawing-room that evening. He had attained his full height, over six feet, and he had grown broad-shouldered and full-chested, with the prospect of becoming the athletic man of majestic presence that he appeared in riper years. His hair and eyes were growing much darker; you might now call the first dark brown and the last dark gray. His face was somewhat fuller; but his forehead was still high, broad and massive, and the line of his profile was clear-cut, distinct and classic; his lips were full and beautifully curved; and, to sum up, he still retained the peculiar charm of his countenance—the habit of smiling only with his eyes. How intense is the light of a smile that is confined to the eyes only. His dress is not worth notice. All gentlemen dress alike for evening parties; all wear the stereotyped black dress coat, light kid gloves, etc., etc., etc., and he wore the uniform for such cases made and provided. Only everything that Ishmael put on looked like the costume of a prince.

He entered the lighted and crowded drawing-room very hesitatingly, looking over that splendid but confused assemblage until he caught the eye of Judge Merlin, who immediately came forward to meet him, saying in a low tone:

"I am glad you changed your mind and decided to come down. You must become acquainted with some of *my* acquaintances. You must make friends, Ishmael, as well as gain knowledge, if you would advance yourself! Come along!"

And the judge led him into the thick of the crowd.

Little more than a year before the judge had said, in speaking of Ishmael—"Of course, owing to the circumstances of his birth, he never can hope to attain the position of a gentleman, never." But the judge had forgotten all about that now. People usually did forget Ishmael's humble origin in his exalted presence. I use the word "exalted" with truth, as it applied to his air and manner. The judge certainly forgot that Ishmael was not Society's gentleman as well as "Nature's noblemen" when, taking him through the crowd, he said:

"I shall introduce you to some young ladies. The first one I present you to will be Miss Tourneysee, the daughter of General Tourneysee. You must immediately ask her to dance; etiquette will require you to do so."

"But," smiled Ishmael, "I am already engaged to dance the next set with Bee."

"You verdant youth! So probably is *she*—Miss Tourneysee I mean—engaged ten sets deep. Ask her for the honor of her hand as soon as she is disengaged," replied the judge, who straightway led Ishmael up to a very pretty young girl, in blue crêpe, to whom he presented the young man in due form.

Ishmael bowed and proffered his petition.

The case was not so hopeless as the judge had represented it to be. Miss Tourneysee was engaged for the next three sets, but would be happy to dance the fourth with Mr. Worth.

At that moment the partner to whom she was engaged for the quadrille, then forming, came up to claim her hand, and she arose and slightly curtsied to Judge Merlin and Ishmael Worth, and walked away with her companion.

Ishmael looked around for his own lovely partner, and Bee, smiling at a little distance, caught his eye. He bowed to Judge Merlin and went up to her and led her to the head of one of the sets about to be formed.

In the meantime——

"Who is he?" whispered many voices, while many eyes followed the stranger who had come among them.

Among those who observed the entrance of Ishmael was the Viscount Vincent. Half bending, in an elegant attitude, with his white gloved hand upon the arm of the sofa where Miss Merlin reclined, he watched the stranger. Presently he said to her:

"Excuse me; but—who is that very distinguished-looking individual?"

"Who?" inquired Claudia. She had not noticed the entrance of Ishmael.

"He who just now came in the room—with Judge Merlin, I think. There, he is now standing up, with that pretty little creature in white with the golden ringlets."

"Oh," said Claudia, following his glance. "That 'pretty little creature' is my cousin, Miss Middleton."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Vincent.

"And her partner," continued Claudia, "is Mr. Worth, a very promising young ——" (she could not say gentleman; she would not say man; so she hesitated a little while, and then said—"He is a very talented young law student with my papa."

"Ah!—do you know that at first I really took him for an old friend of mine, an American gentleman from—Maryland, I believe."

"Mr. Worth is from Maryland," said Claudia.

"Then he is probably a relative of the gentleman in question. The likeness is so very striking; indeed, if it were not that Mr.—Worth, did you say his name was?—is a rather larger man, I should take him to be Mr. Brudenell. I wonder whether they are related?"

"I do not know," said Claudia. And of course she did not know; but notwithstanding that, the hot blood rushed up to her face, flushing it with a deep blush, for she remembered the fatal words that had forever affected Ishmael in her estimation:

His mother was never married, and no one on earth knows who his father was.

The viscount looked at her; he was a man accustomed to read much in little; but not always aright; he read a great deal in Claudia's deep blush and short reply; but not the whole; he read that Claudia Merlin, the rich heiress, loved her father's poor young law student; but no more; and he resolved to make the acquaintance of the young fellow, who must be related to the Brudenells, he thought, so as to see for himself what there was in him, beside his handsome person, to attract the admiration of Chief Justice Merlin's beautiful daughter.

"He dances well; he carries himself like my friend Herman, also. I fancy they *must* be nearly related," he continued, as he watched Ishmael going through the quadrille.

"I am unable to inform you whether he is or not," answered Claudia.

While they talked, the dance went on. Presently it was ended.

"You must come up, now, and speak to Claudia. She is the queen of the evening, you know!" said Ishmael's gentle partner.

"I know it, dear Bee; and I am going to pay my respects; but let me find you a seat first," replied the young man.

"No, I will go with you; I have not yet spoken to Claudia this evening," said Bee.

Ishmael offered his arm and escorted her across the room to the sofa that was doing duty as throne for "the queen of the evening."

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Bee! Mr. Worth, I hope you are enjoying yourself," was the greeting of Miss Merlin, as they came up.

Then turning towards the viscount, she said:

"Beatrice, my dear, permit me—Lord Vincent, my cousin, Miss Middleton."

A low bow from the gentleman, a slight curtsey from the lady, and that was over.

"Lord Vincent—Mr. Worth," said Claudia.

Two distant bows acknowledged this introduction—so distant, that Claudia felt herself called upon to mediate, which she did by saying:

"Mr. Worth, Lord Vincent has been particularly interested in you, ever since you entered the room. He fancies a striking resemblance between yourself and a very dear friend of his own, who is also from your native county."

Ishmael looked interested, and his smiling eyes turned from Claudia to Lord Vincent in good-humored inquiry.

"I allude to Mr. Herman Brudenell of Brudenell Hall, Maryland, who has been living in England lately. There is a very striking likeness between him and yourself; so striking that I might have mistaken one for the other; but that you are *larger* and, now that I see you closely, *darker* than he is. Perhaps you are relatives," said Lord Vincent.

"Oh, no; not at all; not the most distant. I am not even acquainted with the gentleman; never set eyes on him in my life!" said Ishmael, smiling ingenuously; for of course he thought he was speaking the exact truth.

But oh, Herman! oh, Nora! if he from the nethermost parts of the earth—if she from the highest Heaven could have heard that honest denial of his parentage from the truthful lips of their gifted son!

"There is something incomprehensible in the caprices of nature, in making people who are in no way related so strongly resemble each other," said Lord Vincent.

"There is," admitted Ishmael.

At this moment the music ceased, the dancers left the floor, and there was a considerable movement of the company towards the back of the room.

"I think they are going to supper. Will you permit me to take you in, Miss Merlin?" said Lord Vincent, offering his arm.

"If you please," said Claudia, rising to take it.

"Shall I have the honor, dear Bee?" inquired Ishmael.

Beatrice answered by putting her hand within Ishmael's arm. And they followed the company to the supper-room—a scene of splendor, magnificence and luxury that baffles all description, except that of the reporter of the "Republican Court Journal," who, in speaking of the supper, said:

"In all his former efforts, it was granted by every one, that Devizac surpassed *all others*; but in this supper at Judge Merlin's, Devizac surpassed *himself*!"

After supper, Ishmael danced the last quadrille with Miss Tourneysee; and when that was over, the time-honored old contra dance of Sir Roger de Coverly was called, in which nearly all the company took part—Ishmael dancing with the daughter of a distinguished senator, and a certain Captain Todd dancing with Bee.

When this last dance was over, the hour being two o'clock in the morning, the party separated, well pleased with their evening's entertainment. Ishmael went up to his den, and retired to bed; but ah! not to repose. The unusual excitement of the evening, the light, the splendor, the luxury, the guests, and among them all the figures of Claudia and the viscount, haunting memory and stimulating imagination, forbade repose. Ever, in the midst of all his busy, useful, aspiring life, he was conscious, deep in his heart, of a gnawing anguish, whose name was Claudia Merlin. To-night this deep-seated anguish tortured him like the vulture of Prometheus. One vivid picture was always before his mind's eye—the sofa, with the beautiful figure of Claudia reclining upon it, and the stately form of the viscount, leaning with deferential admiration over her. The viscount's admiration of the beauty was patent; he did not attempt to conceal it. Claudia's pride and pleasure in her conquest were also undeniable; she took no pains to veil them.

And for this cause Ishmael could not sleep, but lay battling all night with his agony. He arose the next morning pale and ill, from the restless bed and wretched night, but fully resolved to struggle with and conquer his hopeless love.

"I must not, I will not let this passion enervate me! I have work to do in this world, and I must do it with all my strength!" he said to himself, as he went into the library.

Ishmael had gradually passed upward from his humble position of amanuensis to be the legal assistant and almost the partner of the judge in his office business. In fact, Ishmael *was* his partner in everything except a share in the profits; he received none of them; he still worked for his small salary as amanuensis; not that the judge wilfully availed himself of the young man's valuable assistance, without giving him due remuneration; but the change in Ishmael's relations to his employer had come on so naturally and gradually, that at no one time had the thought of raising the young man's salary to the same elevation of his position and services occurred to Judge Merlin.

It was ever by measuring himself with others that Ishmael proved his own relative proportion of intellect, knowledge and power. He had been diligently studying law for more than two years. He had been attending the sessions of the courts of law both in the country and in the city. And he had been the confidential assistant of Judge Merlin for many months.

In his attendance upon the sessions of the circuit courts in Washington, and in listening to the pleadings of the lawyers and the charges of the judges, and watching the results of the trials—he had made this discovery—namely, that he had attained as fair a knowledge of law as was possessed by many of the practising lawyers of these courts, and he resolved to consult his employer, Judge Merlin, upon the expediency of his making application for admission to practice at the Washington bar.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine, in one of our largest cities, before I met with any serious adventure. One night, as I was returning home, through a lonely, little-frequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I had been with since noon of that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big, gruff, coarsely-dressed man:

"You're a doctor!" he both announced and inquired in the same words.

"I am."

"I want you to come with me then!" he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his mind, however it might be in mine.

"I cannot to-night," I answered, with positive emphasis: "I am all wearied out, and anxious to get home."

"Yes, you doctors are always wearied out when a *poor* man calls you!" said the fellow, with a threatening growl; "but only let some ——— snob's wife's poodle-dog need looking to, and you find your way there at any hour of the day or night. Well, I'm no snob, thank Heaven! and I've got money enough to pay your fee. I've tried half-a-dozen doctors already, and none of them will come—and so, you see, I can't let you off."

"But, really——"

"See here, doctor," interrupted the fellow, producing a knife, and flashing the blade, by a quick flourish, before my eyes, "I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a certain value on his own life, and also on the life of his best and dearest friend. You know how much your life's worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me; and, 'fore Heaven, I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend to die, I'll put this knife into you!"

It was an open space where we stood, about half-way between two blocks of new buildings, that were not yet tenanted. I looked up and down the dark street, but not a soul was in sight.

"Where do you wish me to go?" I inquired.

"Oh, down here a piece," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Come on, before it's too late!"

He passed his arm through mine, without so much as "By your leave," and began to move away, of course taking me with him.

"Is your friend a male or female?" I inquired, pretending to feel perfectly at my ease, though I would have given a year's practice to have been safe at home.

"She's a woman."

I breathed freer—for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.

"What is the matter with her? and how long has she been ill?" I questioned.

"About three or four hours ago she gave birth to a child that didn't live more'n a minute, and since then she's been having fits," was the reply.

"Was there no physician with her when the child was born?" I inquired.

"No, I couldn't get one to her, for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor, came in and did what she could. Do you think as how you can save her, Doctor?" inquired the man, in a husky tone.

"I cannot say, of course—but I will promise to do the best I can."

"O, do! do! and Heaven will bless you for it!" he rejoined, in a tone that expressed a more deep and earnest feeling than I had supposed was in his nature.

I began to be interested; the man might be better than I had thought; some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the foot-ball of fortune, and had not received his deserts.

"Is this woman your wife?" I kindly inquired.

I believe he heard me; but as he did not answer, I concluded not to repeat the question.

We soon turned into some small, mean, dark, narrow streets, where none but the poorer class lived. We now walked forward in silence—the man, who still had hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I might otherwise give him the slip, taking long, rapid strides, and causing me no little exertion to keep step with him.

At length he turned into a dark court, where I could see nothing but a few dingy buildings on either hand; and I thought, if his object was to rob me, I was completely in his power. At the far end of this court he stopped, opened a door, and led me up a flight of creaking stairs, where I could see nothing at all. At the top of these stairs we groped our way forward a few feet, and then he opened the door into the room of the patient. The apartment was small and plainly furnished, with a lamp standing on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman, who was leaning over the sufferer, looked quickly and eagerly around at our entrance, and, seeing me, exclaimed:

"Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, yes, I've got a doctor at last, God be praised, if it aint too late!" replied the man, hurriedly; adding, almost in the same breath, "How is she, May? how is she?"

The old woman shook her head, and sighed out:

"She's had three on 'em since you left, and she's in the fourth now, poor dear!"

"Oh, my God!" groaned the man, sinking down upon the nearest seat. "Doctor, you hear! Oh, save her! save her!"

I hurried to the bed, and found the patient in convulsions. The spasms ceased almost immediately, a considerable quantity of viscid matter was ejected, and a heavy, snoring respiration followed. The face was flushed, the head hot, and the pulse rapid. I decided that she must be bled, and lost no time in opening a vein. I then sent for ice, and applied it in moderation to her head. I remained with her through the night, and left her at daylight in a tranquil sleep, with directions to be followed in case of a return of the spasms.

The man, who gave his name as Ralph Wagner, came down to the door with me and thrust a half eagle into my hand.

"How is she?" he asked, in a trembling voice. "Is she better? can you save her?"

"She is better, I think, and I hope she can be saved," I replied.

"Oh, doctor, will you come again to-day?"

"Yes, this afternoon, toward night, after I shall have got some sleep and visited some few patients that cannot be neglected."

"Don't desert us, doctor! for God's sake, don't!" fairly pleaded the man, with tears in his eyes.

I assured him I would not, gave him my address, and bade him send for me at any time, if a change should take place for the worse.

From that night the patient gradually mended, and in the course of a week was out of danger and had her reason. I had seen her every day during this time, and had become not a little interested in her. She was not an ordinary woman. Her age I judged to be about twenty-five or six, and her features, though marked by suffering, were intellectual and still beautiful. Her hair was a light brown, soft almost to silkiness, and she had the sweetest blue eyes and prettiest mouth I ever beheld. Her voice, too, had that rich mellowness which so captivates the ear, and her language denoted education, and her manners refinement.

Great was the contrast between this pretty, delicate flower, and the big, coarse-featured, awkward, uneducated, and, I must add, totally unprepossessing Ralph Wagner; and though I fancied I could comprehend how such a man might love her to the whole extent of his rough, coarse nature, I confess I was at a loss to account for true reciprocity, if indeed there was any such thing. That his ardent attachment to her might excite some kind of symathy—some emotion akin to pity, and perhaps gratitude—I thought possible; but that there should exist any thing like true, mutual love, seemed as contrary to the laws of nature as for the doe to love the tiger. And yet how many such incongruities we see paired, if not mated—married by law, if not in spirit.

The day that I made what I intended should be my last visit, I found my fair patient sitting up in a chair and crying as if her heart would break. She was alone.

"This is very bad for you to be exciting your nervous system in this manner!" I said, in a kindly, reproving tone. "Has anything happened too serious for a little calm philosophy to master?"

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "I am a poor, miserable, heart-broken woman, alone and friendless!"

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, I think!" I answered, lightly. "Where is your husband?"

This was the first time I had ever spoken the word husband to her, and I looked to see if she received it as a familiar, unquestioned fact. She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Did you see in the papers this morning," she sobbed, "the arrest of a notorious burglar, called 'Patent Hammersmith?'"

"I think I did see something of the kind."

"That was none other than Ralph Wagner."

"Good heavens! you amaze me!" I cried. "Your husband a burglar?"

"He is not my husband," sobbed the poor woman.

"No?"

"Sit down, doctor, and let me tell you a painful story in a few words; and then, if you can give me any good advice and sympathy, I shall receive it with gratitude; and if you scorn and cast me from you, I shall only find I was mistaken in supposing you had a heart."

I seated myself and became all attention.

"I was reared in affluence," she resumed, "and for seventeen years was the pride and joy of fond parents. At seventeen I fell in with a man some years older than myself, whom I believed to be perfection itself. My father knew better, and warned me against him. He finally forbade him the house. We corresponded afterward, met clandestinely, and at eighteen I eloped with him. We went, as I supposed, to the house of a clergyman, and were married, and then set off on a wedding tour. The man I had so wildly loved proved to be a black-hearted villain, and soon robbed me of all my money and jewels, and then deserted me in a strange city. He afterward wrote me that the marriage was a sham, and that he had deceived me in that manner in order to revenge himself on my father for his insults.

"A blank followed this awakening from a bright and glorious dream to a reality too horrible for an ordinary mind to contemplate. I had a brain fever. I became insane. I returned to reason in a pauper mad-house. I got my liberty in rags. I wrote home to my father the whole terrible truth, and implored him to receive back his poor, wretched, broken-hearted daughter. I was a ragged mendicant, in a strange city, and God only knows with what intense and fearful anxiety I awaited the answer to that letter. I waited days—I waited weeks—I waited months. None ever came. I was cast off, then—abandoned—ruined for this world and the next! O the suffering and degradation which I was compelled to endure. At last Ralph Wagner offered me his protection and his hand. I accepted. We were married. He declared he loved me, and certainly treated me with respect and showed affection. I knew not then that he was a house-breaker; and when I found it out I asked myself what better was I than he that I should leave him? So I have lived with him ever since, nearly two years, and now he is arrested and I am again alone in the world. Such is my sad history, doctor. Now tell me what to do!"

"Write again to your parents," said I; "they may not have received your letter, or their reply may have miscarried."

"I have sometimes hoped so, and I want to die in that delusion, if it be one!" she eagerly rejoined. "If I were to get an answer now, that they know my condition and have cast me off forever, it might craze my poor brain again. Besides, I am no longer fit to be forgiven and received back among the good!"

"It is never too late to repent," I replied. "Remember the words of Christ, to the men who would have put to death the guilty woman for her crime: '*He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.*' We all have our errors, and all need forgiveness."

After saying much more of a similar purport, I urged her, if she did not wish to write to her parents herself, to give me their address, and let me ascertain, in my own way, if they still lived and cared for her. She finally consented, and wrote the address on a slip of paper. I read it, sprang from my seat, and looked at her in perfect amazement. I understood it all, but I could scarcely credit my senses:

She was my sister's child!

I pass over the scene that followed this strange discovery.

It was all a mistake on her part—her letter had never reached her almost distracted parents, who had long mourned her as dead, or lost to them forever. She went home with me, and remained at my house till her old and loving parents came to reclaim her. It was a fearful scene of commingled joy and grief when we all met under the same roof; and humbly, on our knees, we all thanked God for the wonderful restoration of the lost one, who was plucked, indeed, as a brand from the burning, and saved in body and I trust in soul.

Three years after, Ralph Wagner died in prison, and with him perished the great portion of the guilty secret. I have purposely concealed all other names—but my sad story is none the less true notwithstanding.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." HAMLET.

Disappointed, old in the very spring-time of youth, with a heart seared by grief, Edgar Lindsay determined to try the oft-resorted to, but seldom successful resource, foreign travel.

With a trunk and travelling bag, and a heavy leathern pocket-book, he one morning sailed for Paris. Four years he spent on the Continent, a few months in England; and then returned to America with the same ache in his heart that he had carried away with him—a little dulled by time, perhaps, but incurable.

Edgar thought he might as well have remained at home. True, he had seen life—he had seen the great Old World—he had seen its cities, its palaces, its ruins: well, it was some consolation. Memory, at least, was stored with more and pleasanter pictures than it had carried away.

Now to account for this young man's condition of mind. He had suffered a severe love-disappointment—a thing for heart-whole people to smile at, but very disagreeable to the sufferer. He had cast aside the fickle fair one, when convinced of her falsehood; and the next time he heard her name spoken was by one who had attended her funeral.

He was in Paris, in a crowded club-room; and, man tho' he was, assured of her untruth, and striving hard to forget her, he fainted and fell to the floor, inanimate as stone, when they told him she was dead.

You see he was not nearly cured.

The first house Lindsay visited on his return home was that of a favorite uncle, where he had always been made much of by a bevy of young cousins. Little girls, whom he had left in short dresses and pinafores, he found, on his return, grown young ladies, and at first he could hardly reconcile himself to the change. But after dinner he began to feel himself on as friendly a footing as ever. After the dessert was brought on, and the young people left to themselves, Edgar found himself narrating amusing anecdotes of his foreign tour to his cousins, Annie and Carrie, for the moment forgetful of the grief he so constantly hugged to his bosom. Suddenly the recollection of it smote him with a keen pang, and breaking off in the middle of a sentence, he abruptly said:

"Annie, I met Foster to-day."

"Who?" exclaimed his cousins in a breath, both pale, and looking at him wild and startled.

"Foster—Charlie Foster."

He repeated the name impatiently, and struck his hand against the table, not caring or knowing the pain he inflicted on himself.

His two cousins looked at him with increasing wonder and dismay. At length Annie, the bolder of the two, ventured to say:

"You were mistaken, Ned."

"No; I met him face to face, and bowed to him. Tho' we parted enemies, he returned a like token of recognition."

"Cousin Edgar, is it possible you don't know that Mr. Foster is dead?"

"What?"

"Yes, Edgar, dead!" reiterated Carrie. "He killed himself."

Lindsay gazed from one to the other of his pale cousins. In his utter perplexity he burst into a laugh.

"Why, my pretty cousins," he said, "what jest is this? Would you have a man deny the evidence of his own senses? Dead! why, I saw the man distinctly, as I see either of you this minute."

Carrie shuddered, unable to reply. Annie, with more self-control, answered, decisively:

"It is no jest, Edgar; and to hear you speak so makes me sick with horror. It is well. Know that the man we speak of is dead. I read his name myself among the deaths, and the next day I saw his funeral; and I remember well—so must you, Carrie—what talk there was about having him buried in the general cemetery. Finally the suicide was hushed up on the plea of long previous illness, and mental derangement at the time of the death."

"This is most curious, Annie. Charlie Foster dead—a suicide! Well, it is strange—it is strange!"

"It is dreadful! I never think of it without a shudder. Pray speak of it no more. It was some extraordinary resemblance that caused your mistake, Edgar. Come into the parlor, and Carrie will play for us."

"As you will, my gentle cousins," returned the young man, assuming a gay air, and endeavoring to dispel the chill he had unintentionally cast on the spirits of his young companions. Giving an arm to each, he led them with a playful show of old-fashioned gallantry to the piano, where all three for the time forgot the unhappy subject of their recent conversation.

A few days later, Lindsay, having business in the city that required his presence at an early hour, took the cars from Harlem, and breakfasted at a restaurant in New York. In great haste he then took the way to his office, and in turning the corner of a street he rushed violently against some one coming in an opposite direction. Apologizing hurriedly he cast a look at the face of the other, and then staggered back with a smothered groan.

There was no mistake—could be none. It was Charlie Foster himself, if ever he had known the man!

Before he recovered sufficiently to speak, Foster had bowed and passed on.

It was like a dream. Lindsay stood blankly gazing at the spot where he had seen the man of whose death he had been solemnly assured. Rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself to recover from his bewilderment, he saw that passers-by were observing him curiously. One man paused an instant, nodded to a friend, tapped his forehead significantly, and continued on his way.

Edgar was more perplexed than ever.

"What does it all mean?" he queried, half aloud. "There is some mystery here—it shall not escape me a third time. I swear to solve it the next time we meet; yes, be it mortal or spirit, I will have an explanation when next we meet."

That evening when Edgar returned to his uncle's house he was careful not to speak of this second meeting with a man believed to be dead. He remembered the effect produced on his young cousins by his first mention of it. Carrie had scarcely yet recovered from the shock, for she was a nervous, sensitive little thing.

The conversation, however, chanced to turn so that Foster's name was mentioned, and Edgar had thus an opportunity of hearing his death alluded to and confirmed by his uncle, who had seen the wretched suicide in his coffin.

It will be easily understood that Lindsay was still more bewildered; and brooding over the subject, his mind was distracted with vague doubts, with terrible suspicions.

There was some horrible mystery. There was something in this more than natural if "philosophy could find it out." The idea of this supernatural visitation and the thoughts it conjured up haunted him. He spent half his time revolving the subject in his mind. He had a wild desire to have it cleared up; and he began to hope—to wish—almost to pray for a third meeting with the ghost of Foster.

A couple of weeks passed without bringing him any light on the subject that exclusively occupied his mind, when he was one day detained down town so long that he at last determined not to return that night to his uncle's house. About midnight he was seized with an irresistible desire to walk out. He pursued his way aimlessly for some time, till at length he found himself close beside the Roman Catholic cathedral in 16th street. At the same instant he remembered that his deceased acquaintance, Foster, had, when alive, professed the Roman Catholic religion. An ardent desire to behold again the supernatural visitant—for such he felt forced to regard it—came over him; and reflecting on the singular incidents of the last few weeks his heart beat tumultuously, while he wished, almost fearing, that Foster would appear. A quick, light footfall behind him, coming closer and closer every moment, caused his heart for an instant to stand still. What if his rash wish was about to be answered? He smiled at himself for entertaining the idea; and then, as the steps behind came nearer, he drew in his breath with a quick gasp and tried to nerve himself to look upon the harmless pedestrian who chanced to be walking in the same direction with himself. Annoyed at the feeling of dread that came over him, he turned with nervous haste.

At the same minute a deathly cold hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and he found himself face to face with the ghost of Charles Foster.

After the first momentary shock all Lindsay's desire to have this mystery cleared up returned as strong as ever: but before he could summon words to demand an explanation the ghost addressed him.

"I know all you would ask, Lindsay, and will explain all that you desire. Listen."

He removed his cold heavy hand from Lindsay's shoulder, and crossing his two arms over his chest stood for a moment regarding him. They were both in the shadow of the church, and Lindsay, released from the other's grasp, retreated a few steps and supported himself against the railing of the church fence. He, too, gazed back upon his unearthly visitant. The man—or the man's ghost—was dressed as he had often seen Foster when in life, in a suit of black. His face was deadly pale. His eyes were wide open, and never winked, but steadily gazed forward with an awful deathlike glare that froze Lindsay's blood. The mouth was drawn as if with extreme pain, and over the whole deathly countenance was an expression such as one can imagine only the faces of the damned to possess. Unable to bear the terrible glare of the eyes, and the pain as though of hell that showed in the face, Lindsay dropped his gaze to the ground; and then in noticing his own shadow in the strip of moonlight that fell across the street, he saw that the form before him cast no shadow.

The ghost began to speak.

"Edgar Lindsay, when I proved to you that Marian Gaynor loved another man, and was deceiving you with false smiles and promises—making you the object merely of her heartless coquetry—I was instigated to do so by my own insane passion for her. For ten years I had loved her; and till she became acquainted with you I had looked upon her as my own, though no promise had passed between us, and her treatment of me was such as an innocent girl might give a favorite brother. I knew well that all I told you was a well-framed lie, and that all the proofs I gave you were ingenious contrivances of my own to sustain it. Well—I succeeded in a portion of my scheme. I effectually separated you and her. You went to Paris—Marian was left for me to try my arts upon. I succeeded in convincing her of your love for another, and then, when I saw her half mad at the revelation of your falseness, I sought to heal her wounded pride by offering my own love. But here my success terminated. Marian would not listen to me. When, on another occasion, I attempted to plead my own case, she ordered me from her. Then after proudly striving for some weeks to hold up against the mortification of being cast aside for another, and the terrible suffering she endured in losing your love, she was at last compelled to succumb. She rarely left her room now—very shortly it grew to be that she rarely left her bed; and then one day they brought her out from that darkened chamber, looking like a beautiful image cut in alabaster, white roses strewn over her maiden bosom, white hands folded to rest, white face smiling with the peace of heaven.

"I saw her as she lay there in her coffin.

"The sight never left my eyes, and unable to live without her, I—uncalled for—set my wretched spirit free to go in quest of hers. But it is not for souls like mine, blackened with guilt and heavy with crime, to soar unto the pure realms where dwell the spirits of the blest. I never have beheld her since. I am forever separated from her—I have lost her eternally."

Edgar had scarcely breathed while listening to the foregoing tale. But at its conclusion he sprang forward with a cry like the yell of a fiend, and clutching at the unearthly thing before him, fell senseless to the ground.

* * * * * * *

When Edgar Lindsay returned to full consciousness, he learned from the hushed voices around his bed and the pale faces about him that for three weeks his life had been trembling on the verge of the tomb. He could remember nothing distinctly at first, but gradually, day by day, as the effect of that terrible brain-fever began to wear off, he remembered distinctly, although as if in a dream, all that had passed between him and the visitant from beyond the grave. But he spoke not of it. It would have been unwise and useless had he done so; for his uncle would have thought it but the ravings of the fever returned again, and if his young cousins believed his story, it would be still worse than if they were incredulous. He had no wish to strike more terror to their timid little hearts.

However, he asked for the particulars of his illness, and his Cousin Annie informed him that a gentleman had found him in a swoon, lying on the street, and both his hands tightly clutched over something.

"What was it? What did I hold so tightly in my hands?" the patient interrupted, with great excitement, a terrible fever raging in his cheeks and eyes.

From a little drawer in the bureau Annie produced two pieces of mouldering white cloth, yellow with time and dampness, with a sickening, heavy, earthy smell.

Edgar repressed a shriek as he took them in his hands to examine them, and still nervous and weak, he dropped them on the coverlet, feeling sure that they were a part of a mouldering, worm-eaten shroud. At his request Annie threw them in the fire; and from the little wreath of smoke that rose from them Edgar thought he saw a shadowy likeness of Charlie Foster's face. It might have been imagination, or the last visit of the restless dead; but never again did Lindsay have any intimation of the presence of the unhappy ghost. At first the effect of the revelation he had received concerning Marian was to make him even sadder and more wretched than he had been before; but after a time that wore away, and he could not but rejoice in the knowledge that he still possessed the love of her whose loss he so deeply mourned, but who, he felt assured, was waiting for him in Heaven.

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

CHAPTER LXVII.

> Then thou shalt see him, plunged when least he fears,
> At once accounting for his deep arrears. DRYDEN.

"Plaguy dull work this," muttered Lin, as he lay stretched at full length upon a sofa in his own room at the hotel, the third day after the sailing of the Snake. "What with the heat and what with the musquitoes, a gentleman does not know how to kill time in this queer country! Not a bit like what I expected to find it! The mint juleps and niggers are the best things in it. It is rather pleasant to have a dozen black devils to wait upon one—to throw your boot-jack at a fellow's head, or kick him when out of temper.

"Nothing relieves the mind like kicking a man," he added, musingly. "I didn't understand it in my younger days: perhaps it was because the world kicked me—and precious hard, too; but I do now that it is my turn to kick. All fair play: turn and turn about. No one can object to that."

Having indulged in these philosophical observations, the speaker rang the bell, with a languid air, imitating Ernest Welby, whom he admired as much as he hated.

As the waiter did not make his appearance immediately, he resumed his reflections.

"The Americans call themselves a free people. No doubt they are free, and infernally easy. A Yankee asked me only yesterday at dinner where I was raised? and why I cut and run from the old country?

"'Cut and run!'" repeated Lin, musingly. "I don't suppose he really meant anything very unpleasant for all that. I wonder what Bentley is a-thinkin' on! Bold, to return to England so soon after *our affair!* I wouldn't have risked it. I wish he was dead. One doesn't like to know there is a fellow in the world as can hang him—not that he dare split, for his own sake: still, it aint agreeable.

"Whew! this heat!" he continued. "Meltin'! I am as thirsty as if my chest and throat were on fire. Why doesn't the rascal answer the bell?"

He rang a second time.

"I suppose the old woman and Uncle John are out of quod by this time. I wish they'd hang the villain! He has ruined me. So comfortable as I was, too! Making money as fast as I could count it. Curse the nigger! why doesn't he come?"

At the third summons the head waiter made his appearance. He was a stout, middle-aged negro, with grey, woolly hair, dressed in black pants, and body coat of fashionable cut, and the invariable white tie and waistcoat.

"Massa ring?" he asked.

"Ring," repeated Lin. "You woolly-headed devil, I think I did ring."

"Him in hurry, den, um 'spose," observed the negro, tossing back his head with an air of disdain.

"Is that your way of addressing a gentleman, rascal?"

"Black gentleman know white gentleman when um see him," replied the waiter. "Dat is real gentleman, Massa Bentley, rale gentleman; Massa Welby rale gentleman."

"And what the deuce do you take me for?" demanded the gipsy, wrathfully.

This was a most imprudent question, and met the answer it so richly merited.

"*For what him air, sirre*," said the negro, with a grin. "All berry well year sex month 'go, *'fore* de 'bolition come; me no slave now—me *free* man, sirre."

"I shall complain of this insolence to your master, fellow."

"Master! 'pose him mean de gentleman I 'gage with? Me complain, too. Why you call me fellah? Me not your fellah. Massa Bentley call you fellah—worse than fellah, snob. You know what dat mean, snob, and that why him no take you to dinner at General Butler."

Lin turned pale with mortification and anger.

"Fellah?" continued the speaker. "Him tink him speak to *mineral* servant! You no 'pose on me. Me see you when you tink yourself alone, practise in glass to look like Massa Welby. Good as play, better than play; me laugh so dar two fellah! Dis was de way."

The negro race have a natural talent for mimicry, and the waiter gave so ludicrous an imitation of the gipsy as he had detected him before the looking-glass, that the latter felt quite as much humbled as mortified by the discovery.

"You lock him door next time, sirre. Um send him mint julep. You make um forget. Dar is gentleman in the coffee-room ask to see you."

"His name?"

"Name, um can't tell name; dar is him card."

"Black gentleman can't read, I suppose," observed Lin, with a sneer.

"Black gentleman no curious," answered the waiter, evasively; "him mind him own business."

"Mr. Twisselton Phlem!" ejaculated the gipsy, greatly astonished when he read the name; "show him up instantly! and there, Pompey—Mungo—or whatever your infernal name may be——"

"Him name Memnon, sirre," interrupted the waiter, with ludicrous dignity.

"Well, then, Memnon, there is a dollar for you, to encourage you to be a little more respectful for the future. You understand me, I presume?"

"Course him understand; when white gentleman behave like gentleman, black gentleman 'ciprocate, sirre," replied the negro, pocketing the coin.

"Put some champagne in ice, Memnon."

"Sartin, d'rectly, sirre."

"And show my friend Twisselton in."

"'Mediate, sirre."

The waiter shuffled out of the room, with a ludicrous air of self-importance. It was something to have given a lesson to the white man, whose liberality did not in the slightest degree alter the opinion he had formed of him. He saw that Lin wished to purchase the show of a little respect, and he felt no objection to sell it him.

"My dear Mr. Phlem!" exclaimed the gipsy, starting from his studied position as soon as he saw him; "this is indeed a most unexpected pleasure. Who the devil would have thought of seeing you in New Orleans? Well, you are a trump of a fellow, and no mistake! Bentley is on his way to Liverpool: a joint speculation—can't afford to be idle. What is the news from Manchester? I think you took the shine out of Sharpsprite—infernal rascal! How about the tin? But sit down; I am tiring you with my questions."

The astute lawyer smiled at the *mélange* of vulgar familiarity and assumption of gentlemanly ease. Had he been acquainted with Ernest Welby, he would have recognized the copy at a glance.

"Sorry Bentley is absent," he replied; "my chief business is with him."

"Can't I do as well?" demanded Lin. "We have no secrets from each other—like brothers, I may say: devilish good fellow when you really know him."

"Indeed!"

"If it is anything important—confidential——"

"It is very important."

The gipsy became all attention.

"And confidential."

"Of course, my dear sir; of course."

"And private," added Phlem. "In fact, so private that I should not feel justified in imparting a hint of it to any other person."

"Well, I suppose you know best," muttered Lin, in a tone of disappointment.

His visitor quietly admitted that he thought he did.

"And how about my affairs?"

"Now you are reasonable," observed the lawyer; "your own affairs—occupy yourself with them, my dear sir, and leave those of other persons to take care of themselves. The Manchester property is entirely disposed of, and the proceeds, minus my commission——"

"Which is a pretty heavy one," interrupted his client.

"And expenses," continued Mr. Phlem, without appearing to notice the last remark, "invested in bills on London. I am quite ready to go over the accounts with you, and wind up the affair."

Lin's eyes glistened with eagerness and cupidity. It was getting out of the scrape so much better than he expected. Like most dishonest persons, he had not calculated on being honestly treated. His own standard of morality, as our readers are aware, was exceedingly lax, and he judged mankind accordingly.

The accounts of the sales were gone through, receipts signed, and the bills delivered.

"This is dry work," remarked the gipsy, as he placed them carefully in his pocket-book; "what say you to a glass ot champagne? Capital stuff. Only one fault—scarcely strong enough."

Mr. Phlem nodded assent.

The bell was rung, and Memnon made his appearance with the wine.

"Cigars," said Lin, imitating the tone and air of Welby.

"Not for me," observed the lawyer. "The American weed is too strong."

"Too strong," repeated his client, "because you are not used to them. By-the-bye, I have something that will just suit you—mild as milk, fragrant as—as——"

"Never mind the comparison."

"Well, I won't. No need of such things between friends."

"Quite superfluous."

"And you understand me as well without?"

"*Quite*," said Mr. Phlem, greatly amused.

"Bentley gave me his case before he sailed—perfect gems. A friend of ours, a planter up the river, made him a present of them. I had smoked all mine, and he *insisted* on my accepting his."

"I perceive. A parting gift?"

"Exactly so. Memnon!"

"Yes, Massa Lin."

"You will find a cigar-case in my room. I think, in my dress-coat pocket."

"Dress-coat pocket," repeated the negro; "him understand. Coat Massa Lin had made to dine wid General Butler in?" he added, with a comical roll of the eye.

"Ah, yes. I believe so," replied the gentleman, somewhat confused. "If not in that, feel in my dressing-gown—*the silk one.*"

"Yes, Massa Lin."

"Bring it to me."

"De dressing-gown?"

"No. The cigar-case, you idiot!"

Memnon was about to retort, but a second dollar slipped adroitly into his hand acted as a balm to his wounded dignity, and he quitted the room without a word.

"I really must congratulate you," said the lawyer, who greatly enjoyed the airs his client gave himself, "on the great change for the better in your language and manner."

"Yes, travelling does improve a chap—a fellow, I mean," observed Lin; "especially if he has blood in him."

"Did you say *on him?*"

"*In him*," replied the gipsy, coloring deeply.

"All the same. You would create quite a sensation in Manchester. Your old friends would scarcely recognize you."

"I think I could keep pace with the best of them," replied the ruffian, with a look of gratified vanity.

"I am certain you could."

"Hang it, don't flatter a chap."

"Flatter! Nothing was further from my thoughts, my dear sir. *What a pity you can't return!*"

The expression of self-complacency vanished from the coarse features of his client, who felt the hit most keenly, and a lowering scowl replaced it.

"I don't want to return," he muttered.

"That is fortunate."

"A man of the world——"

"Is at home everywhere," said the lawyer, finishing the sentence for him.

"Exactly so."

"Quite right, my dear sir; quite right—sound philosophy."

The gipsy filled a tumbler of champagne, and drained it at a single draught, to conceal his mortification.

"That's the ticket," he exclaimed, in a tone of bravado.

"Better, much better than a ticket-of-leave," observed Mr. Twisselton Phlem, with one of his quiet smiles.

"Hang it," said Lin, dashing the empty glass to the other end of the room, "can't you let a fellow be? I aint the only one who has fallen into misfortune. Bentley is as deeply in the mire as I am."

"In the vitriol affair?"

"No; in——"

"*In what?*"

"You ought to have been a Yankee, Mr. Phlem," observed the ruffian, checking himself; "never was such a fellow for taking a rise out of a poor devil."

"Poor devil! What, the elegant Mr. Lin!"

"There, I am done. I give in. No use acting a part with one's lawyer."

"A very sensible conclusion," observed his visitor, with a smile. "I like you much better in your natural character than in your assumed one; not but the latter is amusing enough."

It was the object of the speaker to make his client feel how completely he was at his mercy, and extort from his terrors the information he required respecting the whereabouts of John Bentley, whose voyage to England he looked upon as exceedingly apocryphal.

Memnon returned with the cigar-case.

"Try one of these," said the gipsy, handing it to the lawyer—"reggiar prime ones."

Mr. Twisselton Phlem selected one.

"And bring more wine."

"D'rectly, Massa Lin."

"My dear fellow," said his visitor, "but at present you have not answered my question."

"What question?"

"Where is Mr. Bentley?"

"I told you, on his passage to Liverpool. You don't believe me, I suppose? You might just as well say so as look it."

"Well, perhaps I might."

"You are a 'cute one, and no mistake; but this time you have cut your own wit, for I have told you the truth."

His visitor still looked incredulous.

"Will these convince you?" continued the gipsy, producing the written instructions his partner had left behind from a mass of papers in his pocket-book—"or these—or these? I don't want you to think I aint acting all square and above-board with you."

The gentleman read them carefully over, and finally declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"By the bye," continued his client, "how did you find me out here? When I last wrote to you I was at New York."

Mr. Phlem informed him that it was there he had sought him.

"A star of such magnitude," he added, "could not disappear from the fashionable horizon without——"

"No more of that nonsense," interrupted Lin, savagely, at the same time filling a second tumbler of wine, which he drank off as eagerly as he had done the first.

As we before observed, there was not only something like principle, but a feeling of natural kindness in the character of the lawyer. In his visit to Manchester he had learned many particulars respecting the career of the gipsy and his aged mother, who had so ably seconded her son in his commercial speculations. As the respectable old lady was now incapable of work, he suggested that Lin should provide for her.

"You can't leave her to starve," he observed.

"Starve!" repeated the gipsy, with a laugh. "You don't know that old 'un. Bless you, she would pick up a livin' anywhere; trust Nell Lee for that. Besides, it wor all along of her that I——"

"Threw the vitriol over poor Willie Hannan?"

"I won't say yes or no to that," was the prudent rejoinder.

"At least, you must admit she has a claim upon your justice," continued Mr. Twisselton Phlem. "I say nothing of affection—men of the world are above such considerations."

"Of course they are."

"The capital on which you commenced business was a joint one."

"How do you make that out?"

"The sum you received for the bodies of your two distinguished relatives from Doctor Bellew belonged quite as much to their mother, I presume, as to their brother."

Lin colored deeply. It was the only transaction of his life, perhaps, he heartily regretted; not from any refined notions of sentiment, but superstition.

"You forget I bought 'em back again," he observed.

"Very creditable to your feelings, no doubt."

"And buried 'em."

"Where?"

"Where we were born—whelped, I might say, like the cubs of the wild fox," answered the gipsy. "The house-dwellers wouldn't ha' left 'em at peace in the churchyard, where we used to play together, and——hang it, why do you remind me of these things? I've quite enough upon my mind already."

For the first time during their conversation the lawyer began to regard the speaker as something akin to human nature.

"She was their mother as well as yours."

"So she was," replied Lin, musingly; "and it warn't her fault that we were thieves and rogues—the world wouldn't let us grow up anything else. Well," he added, "suppose we say forty pounds a year, and that's handsome; but not a farden for the old man—not if he were starvin'—not a farden, by——"

"You need not swear," said the gentleman. "I do not consider myself charged with the interests of your uncle."

"To go and sell his own flesh and blood!"

"*Alive, too!*" added the lawyer, with a smile; "well, that certainly does make a difference!"

"I should think it does," said Lin. "Is it a bargain?"

"Make it fifty pounds a year, and say no more about it," was the reply. "She can't live very long."

After some little humming and hesitation, the affectionate son consented. The last argument, probably, was not without its influence in the decision.

The affair being settled, Mr. Phlem retired to his own room in the hotel. Disappointed in the great object of his visit to America, he had to reflect upon the line of conduct necessary to pursue, and resolved to write to Mr. Ashton, informing him of the probable arrival of John Bentley in Liverpool.

"There is a fate in these things," he muttered to himself. "Who could have thought Bentley such an idiot as to return? to quit the land of safety for one of danger. Gave him credit for more prudence."

Just as he had sealed his letter, Memnon, followed by two or three black waiters, rushed into the room.

"Well!" said the gentleman, greatly surprised, "what do you want?"

"Massa Lin! Massa Lin!" gasped the negro, his eyes rolling wildly.

"Can't come! Told him I would take no more wine. Had enough."

"Not dat! not dat!"

"What is it, then?"

"Massa Lin dyin'!"

Mr. Twisselton Phlem bounded from his seat as if he had received an electric shock.

"Dying!" he repeated.

"Him red in de face, like turkey-cock; him drunk too much champagne—two bottles since you leave him."

The lawyer hastened back to the room he had so lately quitted, and found the tale of the speaker but too true. His client lay senseless upon the floor; his eyes distended—his features swollen, and almost of a purple hue—his hands so tightly clenched that the nails had penetrated into the palms.

"Send for a surgeon instantly!" he exclaimed.

One of the waiters disappeared.

"And give me a penknife. Stay, I have one."

With great coolness and presence of mind, which few persons in his position would have been capable of, the speaker felt for the temporal artery of his client, and opened it dexterously with the sharp-pointed blade.

Only a few drops of dark-colored blood followed.

"Quick, give me a glass. Not that, a smaller one," said Phlem.

Memnon brought him a champagne glass.

"Now light me a piece of paper, and hold the glass above it."

This direction was carried out, and as soon as the flame had exhausted the air, the lawyer applied the glass to the orifice. In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing the blood flow freely. The operation had been repeated several times before the surgeon arrived.

"Pretty smart idea that," observed the practitioner, when he saw what had been done. "Saved his life, I calculate. One of the profession?"

"No; merely an amateur."

"Twenty dollars' fine, I reckon, for practising without a license."

"Never mind the fine or the amount," replied the Englishman. "My object was to save life."

"Just gave the hint, stranger; needn't let it out. Take all the responsibility on myself."

"And the credit," thought Phlem.

The surgeon felt the pulse of the still insensible man, and then examined his eyes.

"Humph! don't quite understand it. Soon shall. What has he been taking?"

"Mint julep and wine; him drink all day," replied the waiter.

"And very bad wine, too, I should say."

"Berry good wine," said the negro, indignantly. "No bad come in dis hotel, massa doctor, plenty in the Union and Rose"—the name of the two rival establishments. "Ask that gentleman," he added, pointing to the lawyer; "he know good wine."

"Ah!" said the surgeon, "liquored together?"

"But very moderately."

"All the better perhaps for you," was the reply.

Evidently the speaker had got some idea into his head he either did not feel quite certain about, or would not express more clearly.

Cataplasms were applied to the feet of the patient, and the bleeding continued by the process so successfully commenced. When the surgeon—who, despite his odd appearance and language, proved himself a clever man—thought that it had lasted long enough, he proceeded to secure the artery.

"I have done all that human skill can do for him," he observed; "chance must do the rest."

As Lin was being conveyed to the bed, he partially recovered his senses, recognized the lawyer, and held out his hand to him.

"Don't attempt to speak, my good fellow," said the gentleman, taking it.

The suggestion was unheeded; the gipsy muttered the name of Bentley, and something about the cigar-case; then relapsed into his former state of insensibility once more.

Before quitting the room, Mr. Twisselton Phlem walked towards the table, and put the case in his pocket.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

As the lawyer was walking quietly and unconcerned towards his own room, he felt a hand placed gently upon his shoulder; he turned, and recognized the surgeon.

"Ah, doctor!" he exclaimed; "have you quitted your patient?"

"He can die without me, I reckon," was the reply.

"Die!"

"The poor fellow has not twenty-four hours to live; an alligator could not stand it."

"I never heard of those interesting creatures suffering from apoplexy."

"Do you believe it to be apoplexy?" demanded the man of science, fixing his eyes upon him with a very peculiar expression.

"Of course I do—what else can it be? Why should you doubt it?"

"I thought you might take it for something else, that's all."

"Do speak plainly, man; I hate riddles."

"Well, then, I suspect—mind, I only suspect at present—that my patient has been poisoned."

Phlem repeated the word with a shudder.

"I shall soon ascertain whether my calculations are right or not, I guess," continued the surgeon, "and that is why I want you to accompany me back to the room."

"Certainly."

The gentlemen at once returned, and the surgeon secured a half-emptied bottle of the wine.

Mr. Twisselton Phlem next went with him to the laboratory of one of the most eminent chemists in the city, where a succession of tests was applied, apparently without any result.

"It must have been something else," muttered the surgeon.

The lawyer began to breathe more freely.

"Stranger," said his companion, "have you been long in this enlightened land of freedom?"

"Do you mean America?"

"Of course. Jerusalem! what other country could I mean?"

"About twelve days."

"Ever here before?

"Never."

"And when did you arrive in New Orleans?"

"This morning."

"It is just possible," thought the American, "that I am wrong. Don't think it—oh, no; but guess I'd better wait till the morning. That will tell."

"If, as you hinted just now," said the Englishman, as they walked together towards the hotel, "there has been any foul play practised upon my client, my duty is clear. I ought to send at once to the British consul, place the affair in his hands, and act by his directions."

"I s'pose you really mean it, Britisher?" replied the doctor, regarding him with surprise.

"Of course I do.

"Well, better wait; not that it will be much use, I guess; still there is a chance, although a poor one. Morning will tell plainly enough—no secret if he comes under the knife."

At this observation, which had reference to the probability of a *post-mortem* examination, and sent a shudder through the frame of his hearer, the speakers separated: the American to the chamber of his patient, whom he promised to watch over all night; his companion to his own room, to meditate on the adventures of the day.

"I shall never succeed in keeping Bentley from the gallows," he muttered; "the fellow seems bent upon destruction. Pity, with such fine talents for business, that his moral perceptions are so blunted!"

It is now time we return to those we left on board the Snake.

For two days the gallant ship had been sailing out of her course—that is, supposing her destination to have been New York, the port she was ostensibly chartered for. The suspicions excited by the conduct of Ernest Welby were anything but dissipated. He saw it—felt that he was watched, and bitterly cursed the ungovernable passion that had betrayed him into uttering the warning menace.

His partner conducted himself, or rather endeavored to conduct himself, as if nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of their relations. Not so, however, Captain Drake. The honest sailor was a bad hand at dissembling; and nothing but the positive commands of his wife prevented him from breaking out at once, and sending the schemer to keep company with the negress under hatches.

"I can't make out what has occurred to ruffle Drake so completely," observed the hypocrite, as he paced the deck with Bentley. "For the last three days he has been more like a wounded alligator than a reasonable being. Not that I care," he added; "we shall soon reach port now."

His companion made no reply.

"I had no idea you English," continued the speaker, "were so outrageously virtuous."

"It is not the affair of Blanche," observed the Englishman.

"What the deuse else can it be?"

"Your surprise is too artistic to be quite natural. Have you forgotten your menaces?"

"Menace!"

"Warning—call it what you will—that the Mississippi is nearer than the Mersey?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Welby, "that any one can attribute a meaning to words uttered in the heat of passion? Of what do you suspect me?"

"I? Of nothing. I am not given to suspicion," replied Bentley. "But Drake and his wife suspect you terribly. I need not tell you so; you must have seen it."

"Perhaps I have."

"Were they only certain, I do not think your position would be a pleasant one."

"And you?"

"Oh, I *wait*," answered his partner, carelessly.

"Listen to me," said Welby, speaking with affected simplicity, and with a confidence he was far from feeling; "the speculation we have engaged in, as I told you at first, is not without danger."

"True."

"I never asked you to join me."

"True."

"You yourself proposed it. I informed you of my relationship with the consul; that, to push my fortune, he would wilfully shut his eyes to our proceedings. Did I deceive you in that?"

"Certainly not."

"The nearer we approach to England the less the danger of the Snake's being overhauled; but, supposing that an accident should arise——"

His partner regarded him earnestly.

"Would it be just to attribute treachery to me?"

"Perhaps not," replied the Englishman. "And now let us drop the subject. To speak plainly, it is a disagreeable one. Mind, I have formed no opinion as yet. I judge of men by actions, not by words."

"And that is how I wish to be judged," said Welby.

Although neither the male nor female commander of the Snake had imparted a hint to the crew, it was quite evident they entertained anything but friendly feelings towards Welby, notwithstanding his relationship to the consul was known. Sands had given them a hint of the scene in the cabin; but that alone scarcely accounted for their dislike. They had talked him over in the watch, at the mess. One noticed his sailor-like walk, another the peculiar curl of his lip when any blunder occurred in handling the sail, "which," as the mate observed, "worn't by no means natteral in a landsman," and came to the conclusion that his presence boded bad luck to the ship.

His position, therefore, as our readers will perceive, was anything but a pleasant one.

In the course of the day Mrs. Drake sent for the captain into the cabin of Blanche; the little woman could endure the state of agitation and suspense no longer, and determined to end or confirm her doubts at once.

"I trust," she said, fixing her little keen gray eyes upon those of her husband, "you have followed my directions?"

"Of course I have, my dear."

"Respecting the grog?"

"Respecting everything."

Satisfied, apparently, by the scrutiny, she questioned no further upon that subject.

"Listen to me, Drake," she continued. "You must contrive to keep Welby upon deck for an hour at least, say directly after six bells."

"You know I scarcely speak to him."

"No matter."

"Or he to me."

"You must make yourself agreeable to him."

"I will try, my dear, since you wish it."

"Try," repeated his wife; "you must do it. You understand me."

"But what am I to say?"

"Anything; there is no harm in dissembling with a dissembler. If the worst comes to the worst, you must order him under hatches."

"And should he refuse to go?" suggested her husband.

"Do your duty like a man," replied his better half, her eyes flashing fire. "Pity I cannot go on deck, and see to the affair myself; but I have given my word not to leave this poor helpless girl, and I intend to keep it. Remember, for one hour before six bells, Mr. Welby must not leave the deck of the Snake."

It would be exceedingly difficult to describe, perhaps, how the captain contrived to execute the orders so imperatively given. Enough to say, he did execute them, and kept the American on deck the time required. About half an hour before it expired, one of the boys approached John Bentley, and informed him that Mrs. Drake wished to speak with him.

"In an instant," he made answer.

"You must come directly."

Leaving his partner with the commander of the Snake, he followed the messenger.

On entering the cabin he divined at a glance what had taken place. Mrs. Drake had caused the portmanteau of Welby to be opened, and the first objects that presented themselves were the uniform of the traitor as a lieutenant in the American service, and his commission.

No longer a doubt upon the danger to the Snake.

"What is to be done?" he murmured.

"Done?" repeated the lady. "I only wish I were a man! Done? before I suffered my ship to fall into the hands of one of the northern cruisers, I'd——"

John Bentley waited to hear the completion of the sentence; but the little woman suddenly stopped without finishing it.

"Heaven forgive me," she added, after a pause; "the best of us are sinful creatures. *Nothing can be done.* But it does seem hard to lose all my husband and I have toiled thirty years to scrape together. The Snake will prove a rich prize."

"She is not taken yet," observed the gentleman, coolly.

Mrs. Drake laid her hand upon his arm.

"I spoke very rashly just now. You know the consequences of resisting a man of war? Promise me," she said, "not to lead my husband and the men who would follow him through fire and water into any rash action. Your own life, as well as theirs, would have to answer it."

"I promise you faithfully."

"Return on deck, then, Mr. Bentley; we know the worst now; at any rate, it is better than suspense; and whatever may occur, our only course is to submit."

Before returning upon deck, as the speaker requested, John Bentley went into his own cabin for a few minutes, and returned with a cigar between his lips.

One of the fragrant Havanas before alluded to.

"What the deuse have you been prosing all this while with Drake about?" he demanded, when Welby joined him.

"Puzzled to tell you," replied his associate, laughing heartily. "I begin to think the old fool regrets his suspicions."

"Very likely."

"And you!"

"As I told you, I have no suspicion."

"Glad to hear it; and, as a proof of my satisfaction, I'll take a cigar with you."

Bentley quietly handed him the case.

Once or twice as they continued their promenade along the deck the American passed his hand across his brow, as if a sudden pain or stupor had come over him. His companion did not appear to notice it.

There was a cry from the mast-head—"Ship in sight!"

"What colors?" shouted the captain.

"'Merican."

"North or South?—cruiser or merchantman?"

"North. Cruiser."

"Who the deuse would have expected to fall in with one of our cutters in this latitude?" observed Welby.

"Set every inch of canvas!" exclaimed Drake; "we may lead them a chase yet."

Welby smiled.

For three hours the chase endured; at last the sloop—one of the swiftest cutters in the American navy—drew sufficiently near to fire a shot over the bows.

"Let us run out the guns," exclaimed several of the crew.

"Stir not a man!" shouted the commander. "Not a life shall be risked. We have done our best, and but for treason——"

"Treason!" repeated Welby, ironically.

"Mr. Welby, you are a villain," exclaimed John Bentley.

"I can forgive a losing gamester," observed his partner. "Lay to, men," he added, turning to the crew, who stood scowling upon deck, "if you do not wish to be riddled by a broadside from the Spitfire."

"He knows her name," said Drake, with a groan.

"I ought; I served in her long enough."

A groan, a hiss from the sailors followed this cynical announcement.

At this moment Mrs. Drake appeared upon deck. She knew the temper of her husband, the courage of his men, and came to prevent any desperate and vain attempt to resist.

"Pitch the traitor into the sea," said Sands.

"And hang every man of you at the yard-arm," cried Welby, scoffingly. "Vengeance is very sweet, but not at a price like that."

As the boat from the Spitfire drew near, the speaker sprang into the chains, cheering and calling to the men to pull hard. His excitement seemed to amount almost to frenzy. Suddenly, a vertigo appeared to seize him; he passed one hand over his eyes, holding on by the other.

"Pull, curse you, pull hard. The ship is ours—false papers, false charter. Southern cotton in an English bottom."

The Americans gave a hearty cheer.

Welby attempted to answer it, but his strength gave way, and he fell like a shot between the boat and the Snake. The men watched to see if he would rise again, but watched in vain.

"Drowned!" they muttered, with a curse.

John Bentley smiled as the word fell upon his ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—No one has a right to trifle even with the slightest opportunity of being useful. Few can work out splendid achievements; but that individual who unobtrusively pursues his way, and feels a quiet joy in dropping an appropriate word of rational instruction, who judiciously expresses sympathy, or utters his convictions in tones of virtuous persuasion, may do more in the course of his humble life than another who endows hospitals, patronizes popular institutions, and blazes out into sudden acts of brilliant munificence.

DRIFTED AWAY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

To-day Luke is coming, and I must be here,
His best, truest friend, as they say,
To speak solemn tidings, as well as I can,
Of his wife—who has drifted away.
I'll try to speak softly of her who is gone,
Nor let the old memory wake
Of the past, when the heart I would die to have won,
Bessie took from me only to break.

Travel-worn, bearded, and brown with the sun,
I see him come quickly more near,
God help me to tell him.
"My wife—Bessie Lee—
Can you tell me if Bessie is here?"
The little bird sings in the blossoming vine
By the brook-side that lies in our way;
I gather a flower and fling on the stream,
And the bird twitters—"Drifted away."

A quick, troubled glance, a hand on my arm,
A whisper hoarse:
"Tell me—not dead?"
"Not dead—for you see I am looking straight down,
Not up, to the sky overhead.
My friend, they have left me to tell you the tale,
For Bessie unceasingly pray;
Luke Lee, she was lonely, and only a child
When you left—and—she drifted away.

Away and away—like a lily afloat,
Untethered by guidance or care;
Away and away—past warning and truth,
Past honor, and promise, and prayer;
Away and away—past altar and hearth,
Till it bloomed by the cross never more;
Away and away—till the tide of the street
Flung it off on the pitiless shore."

I have told him, poor Luke—I turn me aside,
Nor look on his sorrowful face;
With a slow, dragging step he has staggered away,
He came with a boy's bounding pace;
A handkerchief, twisted and knotted and torn,
By the brookside, is all that I see,
To tell me that Luke has been here and is gone,
While yet sings the bird in the tree.

* * * * * *

None knew where he went as the years rolled away,
And we heard not the sound of his name,
While only in whispers the story was told
Of Bessie—her weakness and shame.
Still pitiful sorrow for youth gone astray,
And sighs for the desolate hearth,
Were mingled with prayers for poor Bessie and Luke,
Who might meet never more on the earth.

But one August night, when the low, gibbous moon
Shot fitful gleams hither and thither,
There came up a shout from a fisherman's boat,
Just launched on the black, flowing river.
A traveller passing stopped short at the cry,
For he heard the rude fisherman say,
"Help, master, at once—a woman's white dress
Over yonder seems drifting away."

Ashore, still ashore—like a lily afloat
Untethered by guidance or care,
Ashore, still ashore, came the face wan and white,
With its water-soaked tresses of hair.
Ashore, still ashore, till the waif from the wave
At last on the river bank lay,
And the traveller, Luke, from the current at last
Drew Bessie—who drifted away.

Not dead—for a feeble and pitiful moan
There came as the moments wore on,
And great-hearted Luke held her close to his breast,
Like a gift from the dark waters won.
She lingered to tell him with penitent breath,
How she longed just to see him once more—
Yet dared not come home—so in wicked despair,
She bid the waves drift her ashore.

There, kneeling beside her, we prayed for her soul,
Until trembling, yet hoping, at last
She came to the Saviour who Magdalene judged,
And, praying, her worn spirit passed.
Till then, on her lips Luke printed no kiss,
But over the poor pallid clay
He stooped to her face, yet shed not a tear,
As he did when she drifted away.

* * * * * *

That was long years ago, and I am his wife,
Good Luke, who is tender and true;
Yet still as we walk by the blossoming vine,
Or the little bird carols anew,
I see him grow sad and I know very well,
Evermore till his last dying day,
How the pain will come back at the sound of her name
The poor lily that drifted away.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 26.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

AN ADVENTURE WITH HYENAS.

We spent two more days, with good success, in the neighborhood of our adventure with the dogs, and then we moved on. We yoked up early in the morning, but made only about ten miles the first day, having to cut our way through the thickest mass of vine and thorns that I ever attempted to pass. There was no way to get around it without going back many miles. Upon our left, to the westward, was a rugged pile of rock, while upon our right was a deep river. A month later that river would probably have been dry, or so nearly so that we could have got our wagons across without difficulty. However, we came out all right in the end; and to make up for lost time, we trekked at least fifteen miles by moonlight. At length we reached a beautiful tract of country watered by a tributary of the Ngolaune, and, having selected a favorable spot, we fixed our camp. It was nearly dark when our supper was out of the way, and while we were smoking our pipes we heard a frightful cry not far off. I was startled, and so were my companions. The cry was repeated, and pretty soon we heard a sound very much like the boisterous laughing of a child.

"Heavens and earth!" cried Ben Gilroy, starting to his feet, "what is that?"

Tickomy informed him that it was probably a hyena.

"A laughing hyena?" said Ben.

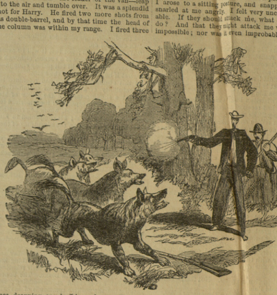
Our guide answered in the affirmative. And then, turning to me, he added:

"Those fellows must have found some dead body. Either some hunters have been here before us, or some beast of prey has left a rotting carcass for the hyenas."

In a little while the moon rose, and, as the cries of the hyenas still continued, we took our rifles and went out. At the distance of about a third of a mile we found the marauders, in a low vale, and Harry and I, being in advance of the rest, fired upon them. We did not kill any of them, but we frightened them away, and upon going to the spot where they had been we found the decaying remains of some kind of an animal—of what kind we could not determine, as only a few bones were left, and even those had been broken and crunched. After this we returned to our camp and enjoyed a good night's rest.

On the following morning we were out bright and early, and during the day we bagged two small antelopes and three wild hogs, besides digging some shooting holes. These holes were about a mile from our camp, upon one side of a beautiful vale, where the spoor of buffaloes and wildebeestes gave token of good sport. That night we took our positions, but not a mark was offered to our aim. The next forenoon Booboo came in and informed us that he had seen a herd of buffaloes away to the northward of our position; and he proposed that he and Tickomy should go out and drive them in. Upon examining the lay of the land I found that if Booboo could get around the herd he would drive them into the valley where we had spent the night. This was exactly the thing, so I sent the men out to start the game towards us; and as soon as they had gone we took our rifles and went down to our valley.

We had made eight holes, so we had good opportunity to choose such positions as suited us. The game would enter the valley at the northern extremity, and Harry Rusk took his position first in that direction. I selected a hole next below him, and about two hundred yards distant. Ben Gilroy came next, while Abner Jackson took his station near the southern outlet. In less than an hour we heard the tramp of the coming host, and shortly afterward our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the most magnificent troop I had ever seen. The column was led by an old bull buffalo of gigantic proportions, and behind him came the troop, in regular sections, until full a hundred and fifty of the noble animals had swept into the vale. But the buffaloes were not alone. There were a dozen, or more, full-grown blue wildebeestes in the column, tramping along as though they were at home in that kind of company. I could have stood there in my hole, and seen the troop pass without firing a shot, for it was a magnificent sight, and one worth much trouble to witness. But the spell was broken by the crack of Harry's rifle; and I saw the old bull—the leader of the van—leap into the air and tumble over. It was a splendid shot for Harry. He fired two more shots from his double-barrel, and by that time the head of the column was within my range. I fired three times, dropping one buffalo, and wounding an old bull wildebeeste. Ben Gilroy let drive in due season, and with excellent success, dropping two of the fattest cows of the herd. Abner fired but once. I wondered why he did not let drive again, for he had two rifles with him.



As soon as the troop had passed me I leaped out from my hole, and looked towards the point where the head of the herd was passing out from the valley. Abner's station was some three or four hundred yards from me, and as I looked for him I thought there was something strange in the appearance of his pit. It seemed as though something else had got in with him, and that a regular row was being kicked up on the premises. I shouldered my Wrisley rifle, which I had reloaded, and started towards the spot; and it was well that I did so, for I passed old Ben on the way and reached the scene of action just as Abner was beginning to lose his strength.

The situation was this, and the circumstances which had led to it were curious enough:

The old bull wildebeeste which I had wounded, maddened and crazed by the deep furrow of the bullet between his horns, and half blinded by the blood that ran down into his eyes, had turned from his course and dashed plump into Abner's hole. When I reached the spot I found Abner astride of the brute, holding him by the horns, not daring to change his position nor loosen his hold. I knew how to sympathize with him, for I had once been caught in the same kind of a lock myself. However, I soon settled the business with my knife; and when Abner was free he was so weak that he could hardly stand. Ben Gilroy came up, puffing and blowing, after the work was all done; and by and by Harry Rusk joined us.

After this we took our horses, and before night we captured three more buffaloes. On the next day we hunted to the westward of our camp, and towards night I discovered a wooded vale some miles away, where I believed game might be plenty. Ben and Abner returned to the camp, but Harry and I resolved to push on, and spend the night in the forest. We reached the valley in question, and shot two fine harrisbucks before dark.

The moon would not come up until after midnight, and as the vale was enveloped in the deepest kind of gloom, we sought the shelter of a thick grove, and lay down to sleep. I had slept some time when I was awakened by what seemed to be the cry of a human being in distress. I started up, thinking that Harry had called to me; and he, laboring under an impression of like character, supposed that I had called to him. I had not spoken, and he declared that he had not. We listened awhile, but heard nothing further. I struck a match and looked at my watch, and found it to be half-past ten o'clock. It would be more than two hours yet to moonlight, so we lay down again for another nap.

When I was next aroused it was by a terrible chattering and snapping close to me, and as I started up my senses were shocked by a strong, sickening odor, very much like that of the civet. I arose to a sitting posture, and the sight which met my gaze was not one calculated to beget very pleasurable emotions.

The moon was up so high that the light came into the vale, and I could distinguish objects near to me almost as clearly as by daylight. Facing me, and not more than three paces distant, were four full-grown spotted hyenas, and one of them had my rifle between his jaws, crunching at it right savagely. My first movement, upon making this discovery, was to look for Harry; but he was not by me. I called his name, but received no answer.

At first I was startled by the terrible fear that my companion had been killed, for I knew that hyenas, though arrant sneaks and cowards, were sometimes, by night, savage and ferocious beyond description. In bands of half a dozen or more, they are not afraid to meet the lion or tiger, and the immense power of their jaws affords them able weapons of offense and defence. Of all the animals that I ever met, the hyena is the ugliest and most repulsive. He is among beasts what the vulture is among birds—the scavenger of the forest and the desert—prowling by night in the track of nobler animals, and digging up and devouring whatever it finds of flesh and bone, no matter how foul and how putrid. In size the spotted hyena is about four and a half feet long, and two and a half feet high. The head is large and truncated; the neck short and stout; the body thick and stubbed, high at the shoulders and sloping off towards the tail; with a long stiff mane, standing up like an enormous brush, extending from the nape to the rump. The tail is short; the legs stout, the forward ones being the longest; and the feet armed with powerful non-retractile claws. The general color of the animal is a dirty, whitish grey, with brown spots; the muzzle, legs and tail being dark and sooty. Zoologists are not agreed as to the family position of the hyena, though I am unable to discover the reason of their difference. Its appearance is decidedly canine, as are most of its habits. Yet it is a monstrosity—a sort of demon-wolf—claiming typeship with the dog only through very distant likeness of structure.

And such were the beasts that now faced me. There were four of them; and four uglier looking and more repulsive brutes never stood upon the earth—at any rate, so I thought then. The one that had my rifle continued to crunch away at the steel barrel, seeming highly indignant that he had found something which resisted his teeth. The other three drew back a pace when I arose to a sitting posture, and snapped and snarled at me angrily. I felt very uncomfortable. If they should attack me, what could I do? And that they might attack me was not impossible; nor was it even improbable. My rifle, which I might have used as a club, was beyond my reach; but I had my two pistols with me. I might use them, but would it be safe? Would the wounding of the monsters frighten them off, or only render them more savage and dangerous? I had had experience enough in forest life to lead me not to try unnecessary experiments when in dangerous situations; and I certainly had no desire for such experiments now.

For a minute, or more, I sat there, as I had arisen from my sleep, and the hyenas neither advanced nor retreated; but they maintained their position, and continued to growl and snap. Finally one of them took a step towards me, and gave a horrible cry; and in a moment more two of the others stepped forward with him. They did not act as though they had courage enough to attack me; and yet they were evidently very anxious for a safe opportunity to do so. Had I remained asleep a little longer, they would have been upon me without doubt; and if they had once got a taste of my blood, I might not have had the power to turn them away or overcome them. As the disgusting brutes continued to growl and show their teeth, without the boldness to attack, I began to feel ugly and savage myself; and then the repulsive odor of the scamps was not calculated to soothe me.

I stood it about two minutes, and I could stand it no longer. I could not sit there, and invite them to attack me; and I would not attempt to run, thus most surely leading them to be more bold. I thought I would try the same experiment I had tried upon the wild dogs. I leaped to my feet, and shouted with all my might. They drew back a few paces; but they did not run, nor did they turn their eyes from me. They were not to be so easily frightened as the dogs had been.

There were two chances left. I might use my pistols, or I might watch my opportunity and get up into a tree. This latter thing, however, I did not wish to do, for I disliked to be driven to such extremity by the ugly, ungainly objects before me. I had just drawn my pistols, and cocked them, when a new sound fell upon my ear. It was Harry's footstep. I turned and saw him, not many paces distant, coming up from a point to my right and a little in my rear. I called to him, and told him to hurry. As he came to my side the hyenas drew further back, and I determined now to let drive with my pistols. Harry comprehended the position of affairs very quickly; and while he drew his rifle upon the beast that had been munching my piece, I took aim at one of the others. We both fired, and three hyenas ran howling away into the wood, the fourth remaining dead upon the ground.

I was thus relieved from a very unpleasant situation, though I did not feel that I had been in any great danger; for I do not think the hyenas would have dared to touch me so long as I had my eyes upon them. Harry's absence was easily accounted for. He had woke up just as the moon was rising, and had seen what he supposed to be a buffalo making off into the bushes. The idea struck him that he would like to bring down such an animal before I opened my eyes, so he started off in pursuit; but the game had outstripped him, and he had returned bootless.

I found my rifle not seriously injured, the hyena having only tried the barrel with his teeth; and the punch-like indentations upon the surface of the metal I rather prized, though they somewhat marred the beauty of the piece.

But this adventure with the hyenas was not the only result of our night's work. Harry had found a small pool of fresh water in another part of the vale, and having taken our stations in some bushes near the margin of the fountain, we shot two harrisbucks and a fine roan antelope before daylight.

Altogether the night was a profitable one, and afforded a fresh page of incident for my diary.

—When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand.

—In prosperity it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity it is of all things the most difficult.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Ex-Grammar Teacher, of Brooklyn, writes: "Allow me to make a few observations to S. W. (Ledger, April 25), Young Reader and Tunis (May 16), Erie (July 4), Willie G. C. and Final Letter (August 8).

"1. When requested to parse a particular word, do not substitute other words, and then claim to have parsed the one given. If I desire you to parse the word '*ice*,' please do not parse the words '*frozen*' and '*water*,' and then claim to have parsed *ice*, because the two latter words are supposed to be 'contained in' or 'equivalent to' the former. Parsing an equivalent is not parsing the word itself. Any treatise that tells you the words *that* and *which* are 'contained in,' or can be spelled out of the letters *w-h-a-t*, teaches you rank nonsense.

"2. Remember that the subject of a verb is in the nominative case; the object of a verb or preposition in the objective case. If, therefore, a word is the subject of *one* verb and the object of *another*, it must be in *both* cases at the same time. Physically, if a man is the son of one person and the father of another, he is not merely 'equivalent' to a father and son, but he actually *is* both a father and son, sustaining the two-fold relation at the same time.

"3. A noun or pronoun is not in the same case, simply because it is 'applied to,' or 'refers to' the same object. The rule quoted by Young Reader is just no rule at all. When, however, one noun is used to *explain* or *give emphasis to* another, it is put in the same case. Thus nouns in apposition are put in the same case, because one is always used to explain or give emphasis to the other. So the (so-called) neuter verb *to be* takes the same case after as before it, when one noun explains the other. The same may be said of (active) intransitive and passive verbs. In the sentence 'John killed himself,' observe that *himself* is *not* in apposition, nor is it used to tell *who John is*; nor is *killed* an intransitive or passive verb. My rule, or observation given below, is a substitute for some half dozen other rules, and covers the whole ground—besides it is always correct.

"4. A rule should have *no exceptions*. A rule asserts a fact—an exception denies it. The two cannot exist. A rule with an exception is just no rule at all. The rules of our grammars are too vague, too complex, too numerous. I use but *twelve* simple rules, by which I can parse any grammatical sentence in the English language. There is no Judas among *these* twelve. Not one has an exception.

"Now, young readers of the Ledger, look at the sentence, and tell me what he possessed. '*What.*' Right. What is regarded? 'What,' also. Right, again. Therefore '*what*' (the whole of it, not a part) is the object of the verb *possessed*, and at the same time (the whole of it, also,) is the subject of the verb *is regarded*. Now tell me what else he possessed and what else is regarded. '*Requisite.*' Right. Anything else? Yes, '*ability.*' Very well. Then the words '*requisite*' and '*ability*,' being used to explain *what*, and being both the object of *possessed* and the subject of *is regarded* must be in the same case (or cases) as the pronoun *what*. Now parse the sentence. It is very easy:

"'He possessed what is regarded [as] the first requisite of a good soldier, ability to command.'

"*He* is a personal pronoun, third person, singular, masculine gender, and nominative case to the verb *possessed*. Rule I: 'The subject of a verb must be in the nominative case.'

"*Possessed* is a transitive verb, indicative mode, past tense, third person, singular, agrees with its nominative *he*. Rule V: 'A finite verb agrees with its nominative in number and person.'

"*What* is a relative pronoun, third person, singular, neuter, objective case, and governed by the verb *possessed*. Rule III: 'The objective case is governed by transitive verbs or prepositions.' ☞ Also in the nominative case to the verb *is regarded*. Rule I.

"*Is regarded* is a passive verb, indicative mode, present tense, third person, singular, agrees with its nominative *what*. Rule V.

"*As* is a conjunction, used here unnecessarily. (See Rhetoric, 'Elements of Criticism,' on use of *superfluous* words.)

"*The* and *first* are specifying adjectives, relate to the noun *requisite*. Rule: 'Adjectives relate to the nouns which they limit or describe.'

"*Requisite* is a common noun, third person, singular, neuter, in the objective case and governed by *possessed*. Rule III. ☞ Also in the nominative case after the passive verb *is regarded*. Rule I.

"*Ability* is a common noun, third person, singular, neuter, in the objective case by apposition, and governed by *possessed*. Rule III. Also in the nominative case after *is regarded*. Rule I. [Also quote—General Rule—'A noun or pronoun used to explain or give emphasis to a preceding noun or pronoun, is put in the same case, either by apposition or after an intransitive or passive verb.']

"Now, my young friends, if you call *what* a double relative, you virtually admit it to be in *two* cases. You also say that nouns in apposition and after passive verbs are in the *same* case (or cases)—then you must admit that *requisite* and *ability* are in the same case (or cases) as the pronoun '*what*.'"

Quilibet.—It is queer what causes for trouble, or at least for something very much like annoyance, people will find. Here are an excellent couple who have each had a handsome cup and saucer presented to them, and who were requested by the donors to make daily use of their gifts and not keep them for show. They have accordingly made daily use of them, not only when alone, but when they have had company; and hence a question of good manners—or perhaps of bad manners. They have been informed by an excellent person who is looked upon by them as something like an oracle in such matters, that it is *a breach of politeness* for them to use their handsome cups and saucers when they have visitors at table, and leave the latter to use common crockery or china. This idea has of course "poisoned their cups," inasmuch as they now can never raise them to their lips without the fear that they are committing or that they *have* committed "a breach of politeness." And so, they come for comfort to the Ledger, and want to know "what we think about it." We think that it is quite proper for persons to use such gifts when they have company, as well as when they are alone. No visitor possessing common sense would ever think of taking offence at such a matter. And when a stranger should happen to be present, some playful remark in regard to the gifts could put him in possession of the reason of their being used, and serve at the same time to mellow and make pleasant the intercourse at the table.

S. T. X. Y.—This correspondent is a young lady of considerable talent, living in a Western State, whose parents in their old age have been reduced to poverty. Her own health is very poor, and yet she feels that she *must* do something to aid her helpless parents. She has tried country school teaching, but the wages are so low that she can herself only barely live on them. And now, though she is so feeble that she can scarcely hold a pen in her fingers, it has occurred to her that she might restore the fortunes of her family by writing novels. The trouble is, how shall she get them published? That is the question she wishes us to answer; and, of course, we can not answer it in any way that will give our correspondent the least satisfaction. Poor girl! we heartily sympathize with her in her terrible afflictions and in her worthy ambition, but we cannot help her. The chances are probably a million to one that she could not write a work of fiction which any publisher would look at. It would be better for her to learn any trade accessible to woman in her part of the world; or to go to work on a farm as dairy-maid. Better do anything which you can *certainly* accomplish than waste your time and health and strength upon an uncertainty. Besides, some active physical employment would be much better for your health.

Bull-Run No. 2 puts the following case: "What course should a young man pursue who has been paying and is still paying his attentions to a young lady that he loves with all his heart, but to whom he has never declared his love, when he has a rival who loves her, and several other young men love her too, but only one of whom (the rival) he is afraid will be troublesome. The young lady treats him and his rival both with great respect, and one just about as much so as the other. Neither of them has declared his love; and now if one of them *should* declare his love, and the young lady should accept *him*, would not the other fellow have to knock under?" We think he would; and therefore you would do well to make haste and be the one to declare his love and be accepted by the young lady, or else you may find yourself under the disagreeable necessity of being the one that will have to "knock under."

Rambler, St. Louis.—The young lady did not treat you properly, in walking with the other gentleman, after the proposition for you and her, her brother and the other young lady to take a walk—the gentleman whose arm she took not then being present. It may be however that she and the gentleman with whom she walked are engaged to each other, or that there was some perfectly good reason for her going with him; but in that case she should have so managed the affair as not to have left you in such a mortifying position.

H. P., Boston.—You will find the directions in regard to the appointment of midshipmen, &c., at the U. S. Naval School, in the Ledger of March 16th, 1857.

Pierre, in reply to the question of "C. E. H." which was recently published in the Ledger, namely, "The *cares* and *troubles* of *both* being considered in their usual bearings, which is preferable, *married* or *single* life," says: "The single man has his cares and troubles, and the design of the Creator in instituting marriage was not to obviate these, but to lighten them by providing a partner to share them. Prior to the creation of woman, God said, '*It is not good for man to be alone;* I will make an helpmeet for him.' Surely, then, the design of the Creator was to promote man's happiness, and when marriage fails to do so, the fault lies with the parties bound together in that holy state. Every one knows that cares and troubles are aggravated by being locked up in one's own bosom. Neither will any single man pretend to say that he is never saddened by them. Ah! many a young man is cognizant of sleepless nights spent tossing restlessly on his couch at a boarding-house, with a heart overburdened and brain perplexed as his cares and troubles loom up before him. Happy is such an one if he has a mother or a sister into whose ear he can pour his mournful tale, confident of sympathy and advice. And if he possess not such a blessing, is it not to be feared that his cares and troubles becoming an insupportable burden, he will, unless restrained by *strong religious principles*, seek to drown them by plunging madly into dissipation. On the other hand, a married man, though he has a wife and helpless children depending on him for support and protection, will derive superior strength, from that very circumstance, to combat with those cares and troubles. He has one so closely allied to him that his interest is her interest, his misfortune her misfortune, his joy her joy, his sorrow her sorrow; they can pour into each other's ears the recital of their grievances, and how sweet will be their mutual sympathy, how beneficial their mutual advice. In short, Mr. Editor, I go in plump for married life."

Steel Pen says: "Please allow me to state my opinion regarding the dispute between 'Byron' and his friend (see Ledger of August 15) as to whether '*eye*,' in the lines—

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an *eye* will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come,'

belongs to the man's spouse, or some other person, or to the dog? In my opinion, the *eye* belongs to the man's spouse, or some other person dear to him, and *not* to the dog; because (I think) there are a number of sentences like the above in the poem commencing with ''Tis sweet,' &c., every two lines making a complete sentence. Therefore, taking the last two lines and the first two lines as complete sentences, it would signify the eye to belong *not* to the dog but to some *person*.

Henry, William & John.—There is no difference between a square foot and a foot square; but there is a great difference between 12 square feet and 12 feet square. A strip of ground measuring 12 square feet would of course contain just 12 square feet, no more nor less; but a piece of ground *twelve feet square* would contain 144 square feet; that is, it would be not only 12 feet in length—as the strip containing 12 square feet would be—but it would also be 12 feet in width, or 12 times the dimensions of the strip containing 12 square feet. A cubic foot differs from a square foot. The latter is a foot wide and a foot long; but the cubic or solid foot is not only a foot long and a foot wide, but it is also a foot thick. A lineal or common foot contains 12 inches; a square foot contains 12 times 12 inches, which makes 144; and a cubic foot contains 12 times 144 inches, which makes 1728.

Pittsburgh.—You seem to be one of that class who wish to reap the rewards of industry and effort without undergoing the drudgery which all honorable achievement necessitates. Your vacillating disposition would unfit you for professional life; as no one can succeed in law, physic or theology who has not the capacity to work and drudge steadily on for years. The best thing for you to do, would be to go into business with your father, make yourself thoroughly master of it, and work at it with all your might and main. That would cure you of your vanity and frivolity, and settle you down into a solid, substantial man; while your education and your literary tastes would be sure to keep you from growing rusty and, *coupled with success in business*, would always give you a leading and honorable position in the best society of the community in which you live.

Henri.—If you want to study law to any advantage, you should enter some good practicing lawyer's office as a student. He will then tell you what books to read. You should also act as his clerk, and by copying pleadings, papers and documents for him, learn how to make out your own when you shall become a lawyer yourself. If, however, you cannot enter a lawyer's office, nor attend a law school, but must read at home during spare hours, you should begin with Kent's Commentaries, and then follow it up with some works on contracts, practice, and so on.

J. P. M.—There is no constitutional or legal limitation as to the number of times a President of the United States may be re-elected. If he could make himself popular enough he might be re-elected over and over again as long as he lived, so far as the constitution and the laws are concerned. But a *custom* has been established which probably has in practice all the restraining force of a congressional enactment or constitutional prohibition, to the effect that no President shall serve in that capacity for more than two terms, or eight years.

J. E. F., of Sloansville, says that in a debating society, which is the pride of that region, the following question, to wit: "Is a hole anything?" was "discussed with great versatility of talent" and finally decided in the negative, which decision does not suit "J. E. F.," and therefore he wants our opinion of it. We certainly think that a hole may properly be regarded as an inlet, outlet, aperture, orifice, opening, excavation, &c., &c.; and if any or all of these amount to anything, then of course a *hole* actually *is* something.

Unhappy.—What do you mean by the young lady's not "recognizing" you when you was introduced to her? Did she refuse to speak to you, or turn her back on you, at the time the introduction was made; or did she fail to recognize you on a subsequent occasion? If the former was the case, it strikes us that your course admits of no doubt, as no man having any self-respect would solicit the acquaintance of a woman who had insulted him.

A. S.—We have repeatedly stated in the Ledger that it is not proper for a young man who is engaged to be married, to "keep the company" of other young ladies when his betrothed has gone away for a time; and the same principle or rule of conduct applies to a young lady who is engaged. It will be a very easy thing for young people of either sex to regulate their conduct in such matters by doing just as they would wish to be done by.

C. G. E.—Remember the old adage, "faint heart never won fair lady," and go ahead. Perhaps the young lady treated you coldly because she thought more of you than she was willing you should suspect on a first introduction. We have read of girls acting in just that way. So, do not give up in despair at a first repulse. Take pattern after General Grant, and "invest the works" with the determination to conquer or die.

C. H.—As a general thing, when the captain of a company of volunteers is promoted, the first lieutenant succeeds to the captaincy; but there is no absolute rule which governs the case. It is for the appointing powers to do as they please; and the first lieutenant should obey orders without grumbling.

A Member of the Twenty-second Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers informs us that that regiment was actually mustered out of service on the first day of July last, and therefore, that those who wish to write to any members of it, must address them at their respective places of residence.

Ace of Clubs.—As you *voluntarily* enlisted in the United States volunteers, it is not probable that you could get any assistance from the British Consul in the way of obtaining your release, even though you could indisputably establish the fact that you were a British subject at the time of your enlistment.

J. L. Y.—If the father to whom you refer is as irritable, cruel and violent-tempered as he is reputed to be, his son should be exceedingly careful not to disobey him, or do anything to arouse his passions.

Chess.—You can not castle if your king is in check, nor if your rook is *en prise* (that is, exposed to be taken,) nor if any square between your king and rook is covered by any of your opponent's pieces.

Non-Commercial.—Almost any of the city bank or government stocks are considered good; but they are rather high just now for one who wishes to invest in them.

H. W.—According to your statement, the young lady seems to have got tired of her engagement, and wishes to break it off. If that be the case, she will probably succeed in her design.

Washington, D.C.—It would not only be a proper but a commendable act for you to offer your umbrella to a lady whom you should encounter in a storm.

Inquirer.—We do not know of any employment which you could get to do between the hours of 2 and 7 P.M.; nor can we recommend you to any club in this city.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*